

THE FORUM AND • CENTURY

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THE NEW CENTURY

Editorial Foreword

CHICAGO is celebrating this summer in its second World's Fair a Century of Progress. The outstanding achievements of that century have been mechanical wonders and the adaptation of science, the laboratory, the machine to the uses of man. Is it not reasonable to hope that the new century stretching ahead of us will be distinguished not by any lessening of scientific and mechanical discovery but by the adaptation of man to the machine, by the advance of art and beauty and the harmonizing of life in the relations of men to one another? On the opening night the radio audience was told dramatically how the Chicago exposition was illuminated by a ray of starlight from the planet Arcturus, forty light years away, which left that star forty years ago at the time of the Columbian Exposition. What changes will the beams of light leaving Arcturus this summer find when they reach America forty years from now? Perhaps they will reveal that a new century of progress began with the inauguration of President Roosevelt on March 4, a century of better social order, more realistic and at the same time more imaginative, attained by a bloodless revolution.

THE FORUM, like Arcturus, celebrates a birthday, and turns over a new leaf. This is the tenth anniversary number of the magazine under your present Editor. For ten years THE

FORUM has been "the magazine of controversy." We have espoused no cause; we have believed that we could best serve the public in this era of confused council by giving every convinced opinion its day in court. We have done this in order to stimulate technological habits of thought and open to our readers the way to reality and truth. Subjects hitherto closed to popular journalism have been discussed fearlessly in THE FORUM, and, we hope, in good taste. At times, no doubt, in order to be fair, we have given the freedom of the printed page even to the Devil's advocate.

In dedicating this new volume of THE FORUM we do not propose to abandon criticism or the controversial type of article. We do propose, however, to give more room to hopeful suggestion and to constructive ideas. Like the National Administration in its fundamental program, we shall place human happiness above traditional axioms and legalistic formulas and adventure cheerfully on untrodden paths. For to this Administration has been assigned the pioneer task of readapting men and bringing the social order abreast of the advance of applied science.

Just two years ago THE FORUM published a "Five-Year Plan" for America. That program was in the nature of a blueprint for economic reorganization and was compiled by a veteran historian, Professor Charles A. Beard. The

Plan called for the reintegration of American industries as public utilities under government regulation and the creation of commissions to insure maximum employment and consumption equal to production. For the immediate crisis the Plan proposed work for the unemployed on slum-clearing, forests, highways, and other projects calculated to become permanent memorials of our civilization. It is gratifying to see that the program of the Administration in applying social regulation to industry closely approximates Professor Beard's Plan. Just how closely we propose to show in an early issue, comparing the outline of the Plan with the achievements of the Administration to date.

During these past two years other FORUM writers have recommended special applications of government regulation, and in the April issue we published an important article on raising the price level, by Professor Warren of Cornell. In a later issue Professor Warren also will check up on Administration achievement and the effect of recent legislation in lifting prices out of their despairing ruts to more normal levels. From time to time we shall present official spokesmen for the Administration, as well as those who may approve of the aims but offer honest differences of opinion as to the methods employed.

II

THIS ISSUE, which commits THE FORUM and its readers to the discussion of new adventures in government, human welfare, and the good life, is a landmark in the history of the magazine. THE FORUM began publication in March, 1886, but it has fallen heir to a still older tradition, that of *The Century Magazine*. The first number of *The Century* appeared in November, 1870, under the title *Scribner's Monthly* — not connected with the existing *Scribner's* — which was changed to the name *The Century Magazine* in the issue of November, 1881. After half a century of brilliant achievement in art, belles lettres, and criticism, the magazine was merged with THE FORUM in the issue of July, 1930. In the present number we pay our respects to the union of the two periodicals by adopting the new colophon appearing on the first page. We celebrate the hopeful turn in the tide of human affairs by a new for-

mat designed to aid the reader, with running heads to make the articles more easy to find. The old text type, however, always popular because it is large and easy to read, remains unchanged. The cover has been brightened. We hope these changes symbolize happy days.

THE FORUM and *The Century* have always justified their existence: combined, they have never had better reason for being than now. At no time in American history since the Constitution was drafted has free and direct and fearless thinking counted for more than in 1933. At no time has intelligence enjoyed such a supreme opportunity to be translated into action. Never before have our people been so ready for change in a realistic direction, nor, except in war, given such loyalty to a president. It is a year which seeks agreement on general principles rather than differences on details. In this issue we publish an appraisal of the new philosophy of government by a young editor, Edward C. Aswell, who was formerly Assistant Editor of THE FORUM. He intimates that our younger generation desires to retain American individualism, but in a restricted form that will not prove suicidal to the state, in a society regulated by intelligence. We invite other young men and women to interpret the new order and to recommend uses that may be made from the lessons that have become obvious during the past four years of gloom. Marvelously the nation seems to have learned some of these lessons and is, beyond doubt, on the road to a better world. Mistakes and blunders there will be, of course, and it is the privilege of a magazine to recognize them. But the main course seems to be set again; human rights are to be protected before property rights, before gold itself, and sometimes even before contracts; the causes of crime and disease are to be removed more rapidly; and war is to be outlawed.

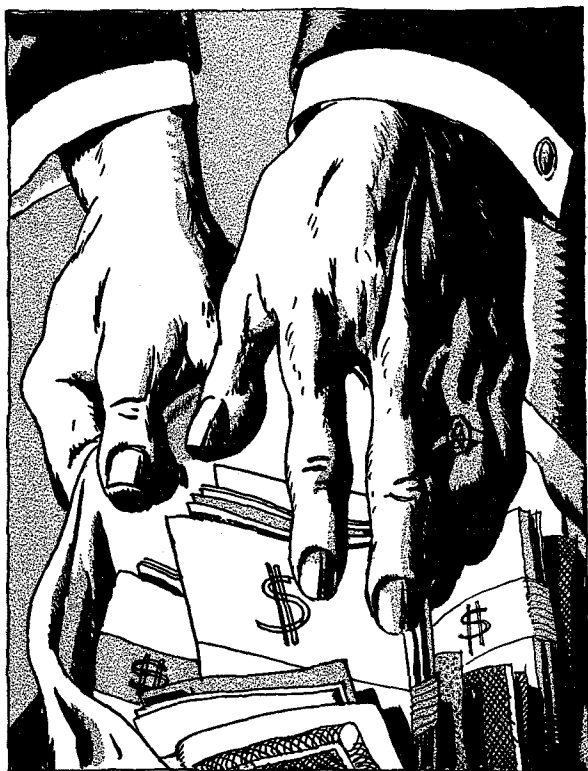
May we conclude this rededication of THE FORUM and *Century Magazine* to a new Century of Progress by quoting from the message of President Roosevelt at the opening of the exposition in Chicago — "The advance of science and the evolution of humanity and charity made it known to us that whatever is the result of human agency is capable of correction by human intelligence"?

Henry Goddard Seach

WHAT SHOULD A MAN EARN?

Let's Put Executives Back to Work

BY JOHN T. FLYNN



Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

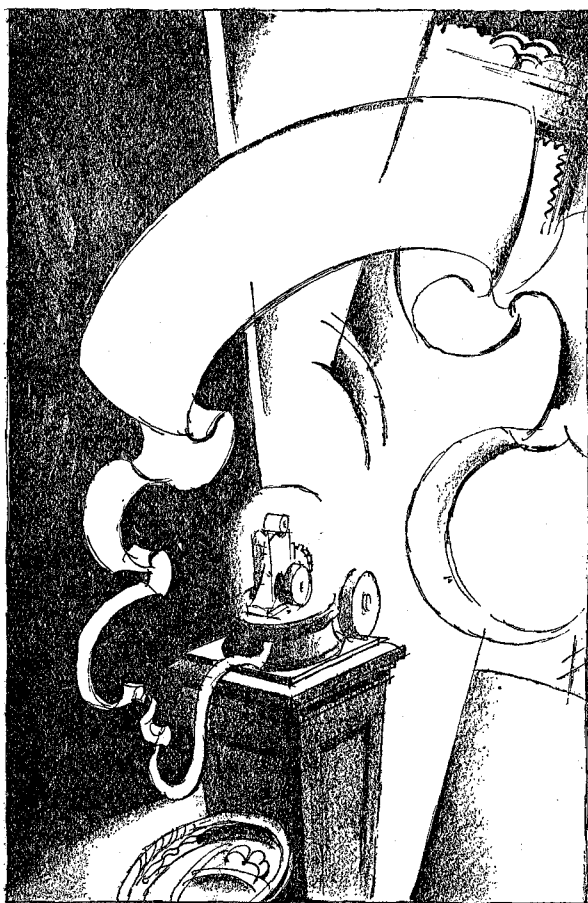
THERE HAVE been notes of discontent lately among the declassed bosses — the more or less disfranchised stockholders — of our great corporations at the wages that are being paid the hired hands who run the corporations — those important employees who sit in the twentieth and fortieth stories of their skyscrapers and pilot our big business concerns into debt.

Some of these men are, of course, able executives, but a whole lot more of them are just stuffed shirts. Stuffing shirts was one of the recognized professions in the good old days before the Morgans stopped paying income taxes. There were men who made comfortable livings writing florid accounts of the amazing exploits of heavy, dull, and acquisitive gentlemen who had not a talent in the world save the talent for making money. Some of them, these

professional shirt stuffers, got rich at it and two or three were almost about to retire on the fees they received for writing autobiographies of the great men. Many of these barons had their literary hacks at their sides continually to prepare public statements, write interviews, compose orations, and think up startling opinions which would get them on the front pages of the papers.

All this was part of the settled technique of selling the boss to the public and, of course, incidentally to his corporation, which enabled him, naturally, to push his beak a little deeper into the feed box. The result of all this, of the whole practice of selling our big business men to the world, was that the world began to take them at their own appraisal, to accept them as paragons of wisdom, to bow before them as the men best qualified not merely to run their corporations, but to dictate our laws, manage our governments, fashion our culture, our religion, and our economics, and, as a kind of by-product, produce the prosperity which would trickle down to the dumb multitude below.

Now we begin to ask ourselves if these clever fellows know as much about theology, economics, and government as we supposed. We wonder if they even know an immense amount about business. A real estate man, for instance, who appraises a building at a million dollars and then, under foreclosure, sees it sold for a fourth of that sum, is not a very good expert, particularly if he scores this mark about sixty out of seventy times. You can't help wondering if he is really worth the million or two a year he collected for his services. A big banker who, on the eleventh day of October, 1929, took a hundred million of fresh capital into the stock market for clients and bought stocks at the very top, only to see much of the investment nearly wiped out a few weeks later is not, after all, worth the millions he collects for his talents.



It is really high time we were considering whether we ought not to make these impostors take off their false side-whiskers, give back the degrees which adoring prexies conferred upon them, discharge their autobiographers, and submit to a good, big cut out of their pay envelopes.

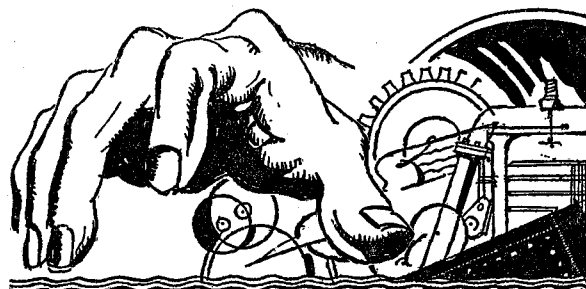
THE EMPLOYEES OF STOCKHOLDERS

HOW MUCH is a corporation executive worth? What should he be paid for his services? This is a very practical question for a nation which has been almost bankrupted by big business men. There is a kind of notion that what the corporation executive gets is a matter which concerns only his stockholders, who must pay the bills. Of course, the answers to this are obvious. First of all, the stockholders, as a rule, not only don't know what the executive gets but can't find out if they want to. Next, even if they know there is nothing they can do about it. They are too numerous, too scattered, too unorganized. There is a humorous little theory that they own and control the corporation which is very much like the pleasant legend that the electoral college names the

president. The corporation is controlled, as a rule, by the executives or bankers or a small clique of promoters, who do what they like with it. They control the votes by proxies gathered in from helpless rubes and when their sway is contested they know how to use a whole collection of well-developed corporation political thimblerrigging and skullduggery, which may run all the way from a sudden disfranchisement of the necessary stockholders or a swift court injunction, right down to a good, old-fashioned sock in the jaw in the most approved gas-house manner.

As a matter of fact, however, the subject is one of a good deal of social importance. We have to recognize that society has upon its back an army of so-called executives who have bled it in the most shameful manner. This is quite as serious and quite as much a matter of general social concern as having an army of political executives who draw from the public treasuries extortionate rewards. It would be bad enough if the matter stopped there. But the whole theory that these men can take from industry as much as their cleverness can exact has had a fatal demoralization upon industry and has led to the most fantastic results.

First of all, it must be understood that these men are, as a rule, mere employees. They are as much employees as the humblest office boy. It is quite unusual for the executives of large corporations to own any important proportion of the corporation's stock. In one of the leading Standard Oil companies all the high executives put together owned, some years ago, only one-fifth of one per cent of its stock. In the United States Steel Corporation the board of directors do not own as much stock as the employees.



In the Pennsylvania Railroad no executive owns as much as one-tenth of one per cent of the stock. In the Interborough Rapid Transit in New York, the directors all combined owned

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only 120 shares. There are some presidents and vice-presidents who own considerable amounts of stock in their own companies, but these holdings are almost always inconsequential measured beside the whole outstanding issues of stock. These men are hired hands — employees who are handling other people's property, other people's money, and who hold positions of trust as much as any public employee.

EXECUTIVES' SALARIES

WITH THIS understood, what are the salaries which these employees get? Here are some general figures.

Insurance presidents: The highest salary is \$200,000 a year. The average presidential salary of the fifteen largest companies is \$70,000 a year. Several of these presidents get \$100,000. Several vice-presidents get from \$50,000 to \$75,000. One vice-president gets \$120,000. One company has thirteen vice-presidents whose salaries range from \$12,000 to over \$100,000 a year. To put this in terms which the average wage earner can readily understand, they get in round numbers from \$230 to \$2000 a week.

Railroad presidents: A very few got over \$100,000 before the depression; at least one got \$150,000; and only one got over that. Quite a few get around \$50,000. Several railroad vice-presidents get over \$50,000.

Telephone and telegraph presidents: The highest salary is \$150,000. Heads of the leading operating companies get from \$25,000 to to \$75,000 a year.

Banks: The salaries of presidents of large banks run all the way from \$25,000 a year up to \$100,000 and more.

Industrial corporations: Salaries around \$50,000 would be the rule in this field. But there are many men getting over \$100,000. At least one man, Mr. George Gordon Crawford of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, was getting \$350,000 a year — perhaps the highest outright salary.

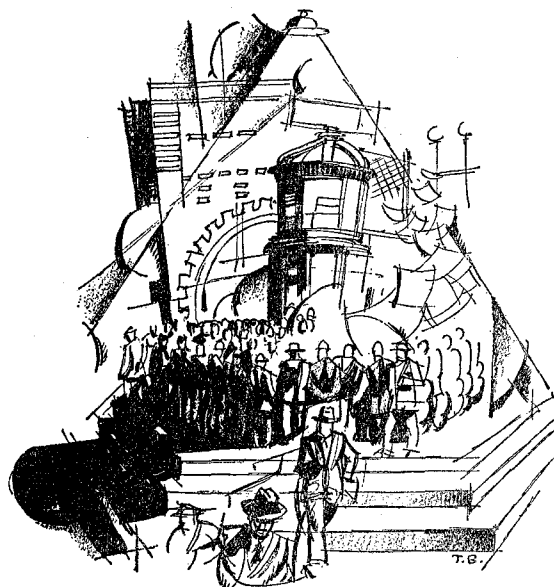
If you are satisfied with the capitalist system and if you recognize the importance of a corporation president playing out a grand rôle, surrounding himself with magnificence, a number of houses, many elegancies, staffs of servants, and all the "make-up" which is essential to impress upon the world his consequence,

then it must be conceded that \$100,000 is not too much. It ought also to be conceded that it is quite enough.

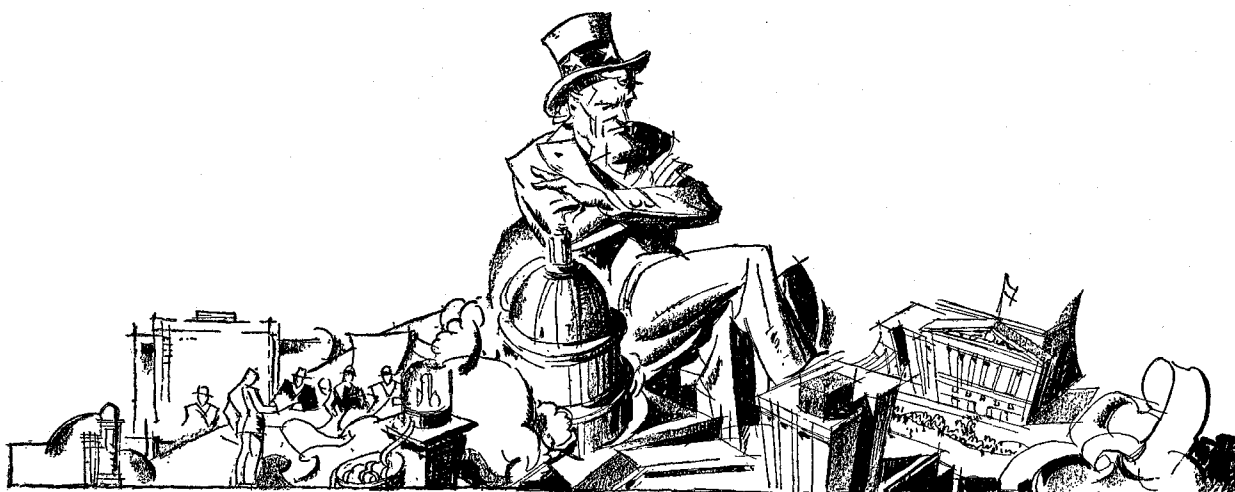
EXECUTIVES' CONTRIBUTIONS

IT is commonly suggested that the executive's pay ought to increase with the size and importance of the business and the responsibilities of his post. There is something in this, of course. But the increase ought to bear some relation to the contribution which he makes to the business. There is one very obvious fact here which is frequently overlooked. It is that the actual contribution in sheer ability and attention and talent which the executive of a great corporation must make is not, generally, so much as that exacted from the president of a small one.

The argument for bigness is that the resources of a large enterprise make it possible to unite the talents of many men in its management. This is true. In a small business the executive must be, very often, accountant and economist, technician and financier, salesman and administrator and production manager. In a great business, almost all those talents which the executive is supposed to possess and contribute are supplied by large and generously implemented groups of high-priced experts. There are production managers, laboratory

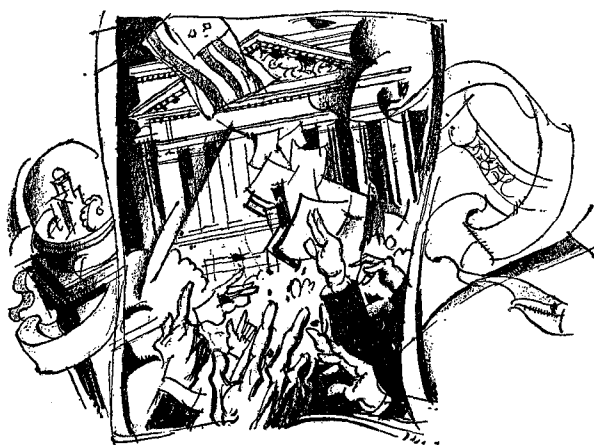


research workers, financial experts, economic departments, sales experts, personnel experts, and so on. This is the explanation of why the executives of so many large concerns can ab-



sent themselves from their jobs for long periods on patriotic or social or purely personal pursuits, while the business goes along as smoothly as ever. Nearly all the supposedly priceless functions of executive direction are supplied by the countless experts and competent department heads, so that the great man can very easily spend four or five months in Europe fixing up the affairs of the world without interrupting the course of the enterprise he is supposed to manage. This is why he can give his time to social drives, entertainment, public committees, membership on educational, religious, scientific, and international boards, foundations, and conferences and still have all the time required by his job.

Some time ago I saw regularly for several years the monthly house organ of a railroad



company. One of its departments was given over to social notes about the more important personages of the road, and in these I was amused to follow from month to month the

goings and comings of the president to Palm Beach, to Pinehurst, to Montreal and Lake Placid, to Europe, to conventions of all sorts of business and social movements, and to conferences about this and that. He was also a member of a good many boards of directors which I assume he attended sometimes. And I wondered in what spare moments he ran the railroad. Of course, the answer was that he did not run the railroad except vicariously through the numerous men who supplied the various talents of administration usually united in the less important president.

BONUSES, GRAFT, AND STOCK POOLS

THERE IS another important consideration to be kept in mind. It is the distinction between direct compensation and indirect compensation. This is the area in which the most serious abuses grow up and where, for my part, I think most emphasis should be placed. After all, we do not have to worry so much about the direct and avowed salaries paid executives. There are a few cases of grave abuse. The chief method of paying these men is through indirect forms of compensation. These constitute one of the most serious problems which capitalist industry has to deal with.

These indirect and generally secret kinds of compensation take three forms. First, there are the bonuses of which we have heard so much. There are cases like that of Charles E. Mitchell, who in 1929 got a salary of \$75,000 from the National City Bank and \$25,000 from its affiliate, the National City Company, and then \$1,160,000 additional bonus checks, amounting in all to \$1,700,000.

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The late Elbert H. Gary never got, I understand, a salary from the Steel Corporation exceeding \$100,000 a year. But in one year at least he collected enough bonus to make his whole yearly compensation come to \$425,000. And Mr. George W. Hill, President of the American Tobacco Company, collected in a single year \$2,000,000 in cash and stock bonuses.

The next method of obtaining extra compensation may well be illustrated by the recent case of Col. Stewart who was deposed as Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. The president of a corporation, like the mayor of a city or the commissioner of public works, has at his disposal large contracts for purchases. It is the easiest thing in the world for him to route these purchases to companies which he owns, or in which he has a large interest, or to buy or obtain an interest in a company which is to be favored with such purchases. Let no one say that this is rare. It is indeed so common that it is unnecessary to burden this discussion with actual instances. Stewart's company was a big buyer of crude oil. Stewart and other oil executives with him organized an independent company which bought millions of barrels of crude oil and then sold it to their respective companies at twenty-five cents a barrel profit.

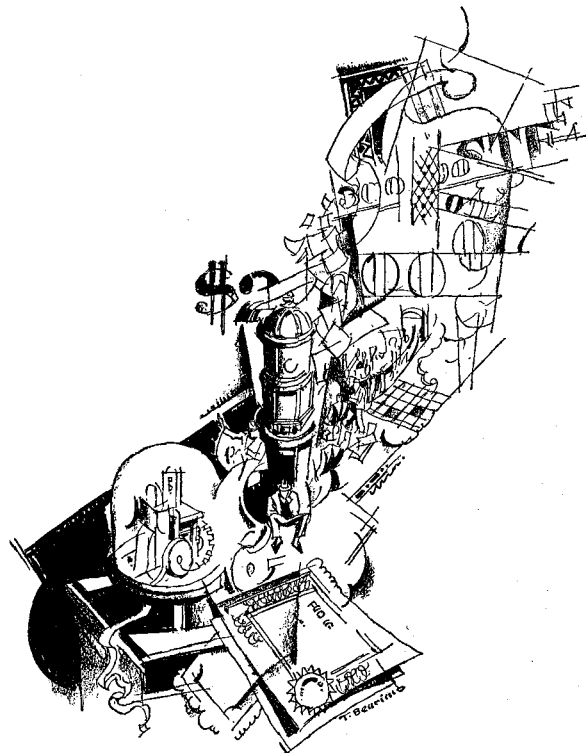
The third kind is, perhaps, the most common of the forms of extra compensation. It is also the most deadly form. It is also, by the way, the one which skirts most dangerously the edges of dishonesty. It is that form of money making which is open to the executive who is willing to gamble in the stocks of his company, who is willing to use the opportunities which his position of trust gives him to make sums besides which his salary is usually quite insignificant.

As I write this, the country is being a good deal entertained and a little bit shocked at the revelations in the Morgan investigations. The significance of one important fact is overlooked. In this great bank are the millions of dollars belonging to a large number of important corporations. How much these rich deposits must be worth to the bankers no one can know precisely. Then we see the executives of a score of these corporations, responsible for these deposits of their stockholders' funds, getting

hand-outs from the bankers — stocks at \$20 worth \$31 to \$37 a share on the Stock Exchange at that very moment. I have made a list of twenty such corporations which had perhaps 50 millions on deposit with the Morgans and whose executives got, altogether, 111,000 shares in one issue, which they could, and probably did, sell at an aggregate profit of over a million and a quarter dollars. This was only one participation.

We have the now famous Gillette case in Boston where the chairman of the board organized a pool in the stock of the corporation, with many of the officers and directors as participants.

There is the case of Mr. Loree, brought to light by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and well-known in railroad circles, of his large profits on the stock of a railroad his own company was about to buy. The cases are so numerous and the facts so well known it is not necessary to furnish further details. It is in these outside adventures in the securities of their own companies that these men grow rich. After all, they cannot become millionaires on



their salaries. You have to collect a hundred thousand dollars a year for a great many years, after deducting heavy, and usually extravagant, living expenses, before you can save a miserable

half million. I know at least one railroad president who has gotten over \$100,000 a year for many years, but who has steadfastly refused to engage in these extra-mural activities, who has lived modestly, compared with his colleagues, and who is worth perhaps no more than a few hundred thousand, if that. Mr. John J. Raskob used to boast of the eighty millionaires he made among the executives of General Motors Corporation. They did not become millionaires from their savings. They did not get their millions as a reward for any services they rendered their corporation. For these they were paid ample salaries. They got them as a reward for following the astute leadership of Mr. Raskob in the stock market, dealing in the stock of their company.

In 1928, which was a prosperous year for these gentlemen, Mr. William S. Dutton found that among incomes of over \$1,000,000 a year, only 2.04 per cent of them represented salaries. In incomes of \$500,000 a year the salary content was 4.10 per cent.

KEEPING EXECUTIVES UNDER CONTROL

THE REMEDY for this would entail a good many changes in our method of doing business, to say nothing of a change in our whole attitude toward the acquisitive man.

First of all, we have got to take some pretty severe measures, somehow, somewhere, to get back into our social consciousness an understanding of the simple concept of trust. The New York Stock Exchange has a rule that no stock market broker, engaged in representing clients on commission, can be engaged in any other business. The average employer is pretty settled in his view about his employees being employed in any other work and particularly in work which might conflict with his duties. If we will understand definitely that these corporation executives are employees, employees paid large sums for their ability and their trustworthiness, we shall begin to realize that these men are bound in decency to yield a degree and quality of trust of the highest order. Whether an executive is worth \$100,000 or twice that much may be open to question, but this at least ought to be closed: that when he gets \$100,000 a year, he should be expected to give not only his undivided loyalty and interest to the company and keep out of operations

in the stock market which often endanger his stockholders, but he should also be expected to keep off of scores of directorates which consume his attention and, above all things, stay scrupulously away from those forms of profit which amount to nothing more than a glorified form of graft.

There is a law in New York State which subjects to punishment any employee who accepts gratuities, favors, or opportunities for profit from those persons with whom he deals for his employer. That law ought to be reworded to apply to these executives in absolutely certain terms.

The compensation of all high executives, as well as all the facts about their stockholdings in their corporations and the amounts of such stock bought and sold during the period covered by the report, should be in every report to stockholders.

Executives of corporations should be prohibited from serving on the boards of directors of other corporations.

More important than all, I should like to renew a suggestion I made some years ago, that in every corporation there should be two boards of directors. One of these should be an executive board of directors which actually directs the business, elects officers, and fixes policies, but which is made up wholly of men engaged as operative heads of the enterprise. There should be no outsiders. Then there should be another board of directors which represents the stockholders, the bondholders, and the workers. Its functions should be merely to have the right to call for information, to instigate audits, to examine any part of the business, to be represented at meetings of the executive board if it wishes, and to exercise a veto on salaries, wages, and all elections of officers, as well as activities of officers. Such a board would be made up only of persons having a substantial stock interest and a substantial bond interest and holding actual jobs in the business. Perhaps the stock interest would have to be conceded the largest representation, but bondholders and workers should have a place, a voice, and a vote at its sessions.

The aim of all this must be to put this glorified hired man, this executive employee — who, as the Irish say, has been “running away with himself” — in his place.

I LIFTED MY EYES UNTO THE HILLS

BY TULLYE BORDEN OLDS



Drawing by James Daugherty

SINCE I had first learned that Rocky Creek Community — the most distant section in our county — could not boast of a single man or woman who could read or write, I had nurtured the secret ambition of someday having a school up there. But Rocky Creek Community did not know of this ambition. They would not have listened to “sich new-fangled ideas”; they would not have taken to “sich foolishment” — if they had learned of it in advance.

Thus early one morning in June, after regular schools had closed, I started for Rocky Creek with my mission known only to myself and the County School Board, who finally had been persuaded to allow me to open a school for adults among these people “if the people would come”; and it was plain from their attitude that they thought the people would not come.

I was headed for the farmhouse of Jim Uneus — Uncle Jim, the patriarch of this whole section, its largest farmer, owner of its only sawmill, its only citizen with money in the bank, whose word, when he chose to speak it, was law in these mountains, yet who at seventy-six could not write his name.

Uncle Jim, when I found him, was standing by the church looking, as though in a reverie, across some new-plowed fields.

“Good morning, Uncle Jim,” I said.

Half embarrassed, and as though still in his reverie, he replied, “I reckon nothing never smelled sweeter ’n fresh plowed ground.”

I too drank deeply of its rich odor. We talked of the land; of deep plowing versus shallow; of cotton and corn. Finally Uncle Jim said, “Well, I reckon you ain’t so fur from a farmer yerself; ’specially fur a girl.”

It was, I felt, an auspicious beginning. Then in a casual manner, as though it were nothing out of the ordinary, I mentioned a school for grown-ups on the creek.

“Well, I’ll be dogged,” was his startled reply, “I’ve hearn of a lot of new-fangled ideas in my day but never hearn tell of that.”

“It isn’t so new,” I insisted, “people never get too old to learn”; and I explained how we could hold school in the meetinghouse a few hours a day after the crops were “laid by.”

“Naw, I’ve gone this far without any edication. I reckon I can go the rest of the way.”

Then I remembered how secretly proud Uncle Jim was said to be of his bank account. “But wouldn’t you come for a while if you knew you could learn to write your name,” I asked, “so you could sign it at the bank?” For a moment there was a gleam of eagerness in his face he could not conceal, and I thought he would say yes. He did not, but his reply — “Pshaw, ain’t I gettin’ too old fur sich foolishment?” told me he might be persuaded; and finally he did promise that if I could get the

others on the creek to come he'd come along to help me with them. "And," he added with a shy touch of pride, "maybe I *can* larn to write my name."

I felt my battle was half won, and when Uncle Jim sent me over to see Ned Snyder it was with a feeling of confidence in my heart. I found Ned — a rusty, wiry little man of about fifty — out in the potato patch.

"Healthy potato vines," I remarked.

"Yeah," he said, "they're the dad-gummost tater *vines* I ever seed. But that's all they air; they ain't a tater amongst 'em."

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Wal, I reckon I must a planted 'em on the wrong side of the moon," was his reply.

"Don't you have an almanac?" I inquired. He did, but he had never "larnt to tell by the calendar when the moon changes." This was my opportunity!

"I've just been talking to Uncle Jim," I told him, "about a school here on the creek for grown-ups. We're thinking of having one, and Uncle Jim wants to come and learn to write his name." I paused. Ned Snyder spit on a clod. Kicked it over. Looked at me.

"Where'd ye git that new-fangled notion?"

I talked of the idea earnestly. He listened. Finally I said, "Maybe you would like to come and learn to tell by the calendar when the moon changes." He would, but he "reckoned he wan't much at larnin'."

"If you will come to the meetinghouse, we'll try," I promised. I left him still standing by the "tater" vines, half-bewildered; but he had said he would come.

As I rode along over the narrow, rocky road, hoping, planning, I met the man about whom I had the most apprehensions — the local preacher. Perhaps it was only a fantasy of my imagination but always it seemed he looked at me during the few times I had seen him as if he seriously doubted my chances of being numbered with God's children on the Great Day. We each stopped our cars, for passing on the Rocky Creek road was something to be considered and figured on.

"Good morning, Brother Sims," I said.

"Morning," was all he said.

"Beautiful day," I went on.

"Fair," he conceded, in a voice that was most discouraging.

"How are the folks up this way?"

"Jist only tolable."

I wasn't getting anywhere. I might as well begin my task before I lost any more of my courage. Preacher Sims most obviously, as I proceeded with my story, regarded the situation as that of a sinner standing in the presence of judgment; but as gracefully as I could I told him of our plans for the school and what I hoped it would do. He maintained his Rada-manthian manner in silence. "Well, what do you think of it?" I finally asked. Then the verdict thundered forth: "Edication is the works of the Devil. I ain't got no edication. I ain't never seed inside o' one o' them big univarsalies, and I thank God I ain't. There won't be no edicated folks in Heaven. God ain't got no room for 'em; He don't want 'em; and we don't want 'em here neither."

Well, that was that! Brother Sims did not believe in education. I got my car out of the road. He passed on without even a "good day" to me.

Will Dalrymple and his wife were on the porch as I approached their little mountain shack. Their six younger children scampered to hover back of them as though for protection as I drew nearer, and when I stopped in front of their house, Mrs. Dalrymple all but fell off the porch in her astonishment. But this shock was as nothing compared to the one she received when she learned "what I was up to." Before I left, however, she had promised to come to school if I thought I could "larn her to write to her daughter, Felie, who was away."

II

AND so the job moved slowly along. It meant much talking, during which I had to be constantly on the alert for any flash which would give me a clue to a real interest. Thus by patience, watchful waiting, and diplomacy I was able to find out what it was that each would like to know, and so how I could arouse their interest in going to school to learn it.

Preacher Sims' circuit included many distant communities, so that I had not seen him since that first meeting on the road, but I thought I felt his influence in many of the discouragements I encountered. Finally, however, by the time crops were "laid by" — that is, early in August — the first day of school came,

with everything, so far as I knew, in readiness.

I was at the school house at seven o'clock in the morning, the time they had themselves set for school to begin. No one else was there. I waited. Eight o'clock. Was no one coming? I wondered. Finally, up the road appeared a man. He turned in toward the meetinghouse. It was Uncle Jim. My greetings to him were casual, as though he was doing what he had done every day of his life, instead of coming at seventy-six, for the first time in his life, as a pupil to school. Later, Will Dalrymple and his wife, evidently having waited for someone else to come first, arrived. None of them, however, would come into the house, so we all sat on the doorsteps. We heard the well windless creaking around at the side of the church. It was Ned and Molly Snyder. They drank, then sat down on the well curb, apparently as close as they dared yet come to the strange adventure.

Uncle Jim called me back to the steps. "Look yander," he said. There sat the Martins on the side of the road — Mr. and Mrs. Martin, their son and his wife and their three children, their daughter and her two orphan children. The whole family looked like orphans. Their curiosity had gotten the best of them, but evidently they had planned that it be at least temporarily satisfied at that distance. The expression on Uncle Jim's face looked rather hopeless. I felt even more hopeless. We decided to get everybody inside the church. I had not dreamed that even this would be a task. Finally, however, after much persuading, we got them all inside the house — even the Martins. From time to time throughout the morning others, either singly or by families, appeared in the churchyard or sat on the roadside near-by. These I was also successful in persuading to come inside until our total for the first day was more than thirty.

We began work immediately. Uncle Jim was a good one to begin with. I wrote in big letters as he looked on, *J-i-m*. He took the pencil and traced over my writing. His hands were old and stiff for such a meticulous job. I left him to try.

Ezry Brown was nearest. With the Bible in my hand I sat down in the seat by him. (He had been most interested in learning to read the Bible.) We opened to the twenty-third psalm. I read to him slowly and pointed to each

word as I read — (in my heart hoping for forgiveness from whatever pedagogical gods there be, for at that particular time pointing was considered the one most unforgivable sin in teaching.) After I had read several sentences I came back to the first sentence. I reread it. Ezry Brown, in his timid and halting way, read it after me. "Can you find the word that says 'Lord'?" I asked. He found the word, then again several more times on the same page. He learned other words and sought them out in the large print. I left him to find the words he had learned as many times as he could, and moved on to Effie Snyder. With pre-knowledge of what she wanted most to learn, I had a clean flour sack for her and a little petticoat pattern that would just fit her baby, Fernie. Together, we planned, cut, and did some sewing. This task, I had hoped, would seem more natural to the group, and so would help to make them feel less strange about the whole situation. Then I stopped for a moment. The room was utterly quiet. With the exception of the few at work, I never knew a group of people could sit so long and so silently without even an eye seeming to move.

Uncle Jim finally broke the almost ominous stillness that was drawing my nerves taut. "Come here a minute," he said to me.

"Which side of the *Jim* air the bows on?" he asked. I could not figure out what he meant. He had turned over the paper with his copy on it and was trying to write his name from memory. Slowly I caught his meaning. The script *J* had two bows on one side. He thought the *J* was *Jim*. Again later he called me over to ask of the *m*. "I can make this three-legged thing, but what do you call it?"

Within an hour he was able to write *J-i-m*.

After they had worked for some time, I asked them if they would like to hear a story. No one said anything — not an expression changed. Already I had learned to turn to Uncle Jim in time of trouble so I asked him directly. "I reckon hit won't be no harm," he said, which might mean almost anything.

With no more encouragement than this, I told one of my favorite stories. I thought it was an especially interesting and funny story but not an expression changed. Perhaps, I thought, singing would go better. I asked them if they cared to sing. Still the same silence. Again I

turned to my stand-by. Uncle Jim "reckoned they wan't much at singing."

Finally, "America" was decided on — by me. "Would anyone pitch it?" I pitched it. To my disappointment I sang it alone.

It wasn't really time for lunch, but I thought we might all feel more at home if we ate. I had thought we would sit out in the grove together — not I on one end of a log and they on the other — but on a log together. I sat on one end of the log, but in spite of my every effort the other end remained vacant.

The afternoon was a repetition of the morning. The end of the day came. I was grateful. It had been so different from what I had planned. I wondered who was more bewildered, the pupils or the teacher.

III

THE NEXT DAY was more encouraging. We had two new pupils. They insisted, in their embarrassment, that they had only come to visit, so we began by just letting them look on. Two other women had brought in clean flour sacks, hoping they could use Effie Snyder's pattern. Ned Snyder had brung me some "clearseeds" (small peaches) he'd "just found growin' over the way." Deliberately, I suggested no songs, no stories, only work; the work went obviously better, but in the same inscrutable silence and — except for the meagerest movements necessary to their work — with the same stark immobility.

Wednesday brought three more new pupils, and by Friday we had accomplished much. The atmosphere was loosening — so much that I ventured another story — a funny one again. One or two almost toothless and tobacco-stained mouths were slightly opened. Carmie Needham had to cover her mouth to keep from laughing. We sang a song: "I'm Travelling Through an Unfriendly World." It was lugubrious — so unfamiliar to me that I could not lead it with any assurance, but it was one of the gospel songs, and a number of the women joined in.

At recess Mart Aaron came up to me and asked, "When we take to books agin will yer tell the story yer told the fus' day?" I was vastly encouraged by this evidence of the success of what I had then thought was flat failure. It gave me the courage to suggest a game again.

It was plain to see that of all these recent innovations this was the most startling. But they were becoming more used to innovations, and with less difficulty than I had anticipated I rounded them up for a game of drop-the-handkerchief. I was to drop the handkerchief first. I dropped it behind Makie Snyder. She turned around, looked at the handkerchief, than at me, and turned and walked out of the game. Trying not to show my discouragement, I picked it up and tried again. As I dropped it behind Ed Martin I said, "I'll bet you can't catch me." With this the race was on, the game recommenced almost with enthusiasm, and before very long Makie Snyder had slipped back into the ring.

IV

AFTER a few weeks of this strange venture, it became so much less strange that one would hardly have recognized us as the same group. That the work should progress steadily might perhaps be expected but the enthusiasm for games marked a literal transformation. Horseshoe pitching was a favorite among the men; and never did my own prestige rise so high as the time Uncle Jim and I were victorious in an impromptu horseshoe match. It resulted in our being challenged by the two best pitchers for the following Friday afternoon. This was an event to look forward to. The school was divided in its interests, and excitement grew as Friday afternoon approached. The game itself was as high spirited, as enthusiastic, in its way, as any college football game I have ever seen.

Their demands for new games, particularly those involving competition, taxed my every resource of memory and ingenuity. I introduced the javelin throw — the javelin consisting of a whittled-down pine sapling — and many similar ones which we busied ourselves in making proper equipment for. Often at seven o'clock in the morning, I would find groups of men practicing. There were mumble-the-peg, jump-the-rope, something resembling baseball, and I did not have it in my heart to frown even on the spitting contest, their own contribution, in which Ned Snyder won the championship and held it proudly against all comers.

This game spirit also made it possible for me to transform much of our work more easily

and rapidly from an individual to a group activity basis. At first each one had preferred, doubtless due to shyness, to work out his reading or figuring lesson alone. Now, however, there were generally three or four studying their Bible reading lesson together. Figuring was felt to be the prerogative of men, but several women joined this class and some of them, as one of the men admitted, could "mighty nigh figar as good as any man."

Molly Snyder was very proud of her accomplishments in both figuring and Bible reading, but I shall never forget the way she once got the two a trifle confused. On a previous day the reading from the Bible had been about Jeremiah. The arithmetic lesson had to do with long division. In a little review the following day, I asked, pointing to the figures representing the divisor, if anyone remembered what we called these figures. Molly, in her solemn tone, said, "Hain't that the one ye called Jeremiah?"

From the beginning Mrs. Dalrymple stuck single-mindedly to her own original purpose in coming to school — that of learning to write a letter to her daughter. It was a red-letter day, not only to her but to the whole school, when we felt she was able to make the attempt. It was a rather slow and tedious, but none the less joyous, process. She dictated the letter, I wrote it down, then she in her painstaking manner copied it. As I remember, it began like this:

"I seat myself and take my pen in hand to drap you a line."

"Should I say 'drap' or 'drop,'" I interrupted her to ask.

"Felie knows I have allus said 'drap,' and I ain't much fur puttin' on airs even if I *am* gettin' a little larnin'."

It was a greater day yet when she got the answer from her daughter. From the time her letter was mailed she had left school each day shortly after recess to go down by the roadside to wait for the postman. When the answer did come she did not have to tell us she had "hearn" from Felie, for we could see it in her face, and the whole school immediately stopped work to listen while slowly, there before us all, she read through the letter with only a little help from me. Of all the pictures of triumph I have ever witnessed, this was the most complete in sheer joy of accomplishment.

Probably my most serious blunder in this new venture was the time I brought a copy of *The Birmingham News* into the schoolroom. Some of them were reading well enough to begin with the newspaper. As a means of getting them started, I read to them from the *News*. After reading to them for a while, I stopped to see what they had to say. By this time I had learned to sense unspoken meanings revealed only by the stillest silence in the world, and I was not long in realizing that this silence was one of condemnation.

"Would you like to read some?" I asked one of my best readers.

"Naut," was the reply I got. Several others were asked. There was the same reply from each. At recess I was able to draw from Uncle Jim the reason. "Wal," he said, "we've allus thought the newspaper was the works of the Devil. He uses it to advance his kingdom."

The next week I saw to it that the local county paper carried a list of the pupils attending Rocky Creek School, with comments on what they were doing. A copy found its way into our school. Bravely, but cautiously, I mentioned it to them. Expressions changed, each eager but waiting for someone else to ask what it said.

Molly, who had a heightened sense of curiosity, said, "I reckon it ain't no harm fur ye to tell us what it's a' sayin'." I read the piece. They listened. Their names were in the paper! They gathered around me, each searching eagerly for his own name. Another battle was won; and each Thursday there was an increasing eagerness in the air to see what the paper would say about Rocky Creek School.

V

BUT, THOUGH I did not then realize it, there was one decisive battle, yet to be won, which was to determine the whole fate of my venture — whether it was to go on happily and triumphantly as it was beginning or merely to die and pass into the realms of might-have-beens. Ezry Brown first suggested it when in the midst of work one morning he suddenly remarked, "Who's going to tell the preacher?"

Preacher Sims, I knew, was "agin edication" — bitterly against it. But hadn't he worked against the starting of the school, yet wasn't it started and obviously progressing? Meanwhile,

he had been absent serving some of the more remote flocks of his sheep. That he would in time be returning to Rocky Creek I, of course, realized. I knew something of the power of the preacher among mountain folk. However, in view of the increasingly favorable attitude of the community towards our work, I had felt that what Brother Sims might try to do on his return was a bridge I could cross when I came to it. But from the manner of Ezry Brown's question, "Who's going to tell the preacher?" and the eloquent silence that question invoked, I suddenly understood both that the return of the preacher would create a more crucial situation than I had realized and that this particular situation was imminent.

But little did such an idea reckon with the uncanny way news travels through these back mountains, nor did it reckon with Preacher Sims. There was no need to tell him, for that grapevine telegraph which the very absence of any possibility of communication seems always to create, had already told him in detail. There was no chance to plan any initiative of defense, for that afternoon he strode into our midst.

He greeted no one, said not a word as his gaunt figure stalked up the aisle. A hush fell over the room that was pall-like; but I had learned to interpret these silences, and this was one merely of waiting. He reached the pulpit, flung wide his arms, and paused. The silence seemed to grow even more intense. Then like a flash of lightning his words tore it apart, thundered, stormed, till the very air seemed to vibrate to their intensity.

"O, God be merciful to this thy people. They have sinned. They have gone astray." He prayed in an agonized appeal there could be no question came from his heart. At the first word of prayer every head bowed, but the same silence continued. Then the prayer went on — mounting in crescendos of sound and supplication. "They have made Thy House a place of merchandize. The Devil has come among Thy people. He has brought his abominations into Thy very Temple. These, Thy erring children, have partaken of 'em afore Thy very sanctuary. Forgive them, Lord, forgive them."

A lifetime — generations of religious emotionalism had accustomed these people to

quick, almost automatic shouts of Amen to any religious appeal of such emotional pitch and power. But no Amens came — at least not yet. My heart seemed alternately to pound and to refuse to beat. How long could it last? It was a trial of a few weeks of new interest against a long inheritance of deep belief. I was sure they must be wavering.

Then suddenly the attack was directed straight at me.

"Satin has sent here his own daughter. Shame on this Eve with her serpent of false knowledge — the Devil himself — who would again tempt Thy people out of Paradise."

I gripped the edge of my chair to keep myself from leaving the room. It was like a nightmare. All my hopes were tumbling about me. I must do something, yet I could think of nothing but the desire to run. Then suddenly I felt, like waking from a dream, that the whole atmosphere had changed. The stillness had grown deeper — into that utter suspense, that vacuum of silence, whose dynamic positiveness I had learned to know.

The State Superintendent of Education, one of our most prominent judges, and many other notables came to the big joint commencement exercises of the Rocky Creek and the other adult schools we established through these mountains. The Governor of the State sent his personal representative. Later educators were to wonder over the records of the rate of advancement of some of these adult pupils. I have had many other causes for pride and rejoicing over the outcome of my experiment. But nothing connected with it has ever given me such a thrill of triumph as this sudden change in the quality of silence during Brother Sim's prayer.

Preacher Sims was quick to feel it too. He, too, knew what it meant. Stopping with the same dramatic suddenness as he had begun, and with the look and bearing of a Prophet of old turning his back on a Gomorrah, he strode from the church.

The preacher to these people to-day is one of their own sons who has done much more than "seed inside one o' them big universarlies." To-day there is, I think, no citizen of Rocky Creek who could not, if he happened upon it, read this story of how together we lifted our eyes unto the hills.

THE PLACE OF BANKING IN SOCIETY

BY FRANCIS H. SISSON

We ought not to blame the bankers for all this, —
when we all needed money, they loaned it to us, but
when they needed it, we couldn't pay it back.

—WILL ROGERS

A WISE HISTORIAN, with little else before him but the detailed banking records of a given period, could visualize clearly an accurate picture of the general social and business conditions of that period. He could do this for the reason that banking is a mirror of the life about it. Its multitudinous transactions are the reflected financial images of the economic activities of the people. A loan may reflect the planting of a crop, the production of automobiles, the employment of workers. A bond investment may image the building of a new bridge; a foreclosure records the loss of a home; non-payment of a merchant's notes may mean the death of a business. The credit files behind all these transactions are sheer human history.

A clear and understanding vision of the full significance of these statements is essential to any practical treatment of the banking problem. Political and popular misapprehensions toward banking are due to little else than failure to realize that it is what the people themselves do that the condition of banking reflects, and, obversely, that banking cannot of itself reflect events and conditions other than those that actually originate from surrounding circumstances. It is not a magic glass picturing a pageant of financial mysteries in a realm separate and apart from the lives of the people. First and last, it is a matter-of-fact mirror that deals with the stark reality of every day affairs.

BUSINESS AND BANKING

SINCE THIS is so, it is perhaps worth while spending some time developing this concept of the unity between business and banking, not through abstract economic theories about the functions of banking and credit, but

through consideration further of some concrete facts about banking. Here is a bank whose notes represent mainly modest loans to farmers for the purchase of seed or livestock or for operating expenses to enable them to plant and harvest their crops of corn or cotton or wheat, as the case may be. In addition to these loans, there will be farm mortgages making up a good share of the investment portfolio.

Here is another bank whose notes will represent substantial advances to manufacturers whose activities consist of the purchase of large volumes of raw materials and the employment of labor for the purpose of fabricating various products, such as clothing, processed foods, machinery, household devices, and endless others. In its investments will be found considerable amounts of corporate bond issues.

Here is still another bank whose notes will be largely representative of great volumes of finished goods in transit, in warehouses, on shelves in stores, or in other stages of the distributive trades. Finally, in another, there will be a dominant line of loans to facilitate the originating, distributing, and dealing in stocks and bonds; there will also be a conspicuous volume of loans to other banks and financial institutions and corporations to enable them to expand their own co-operation with their special types of customers.

While each of these various types of banks may also hold notes and investments such as the others specialize in, the dominant character of any institution's assets readily places it in the farm regions, a manufacturing center, a mercantile neighborhood, or a great financial district. Furthermore, besides identifying the institution as to its locality, a study of its notes will equally clearly indicate the economic conditions surrounding it.

For instance, if a farm district bank's note history shows that its loans rise and fall with the normal cycle of production and marketing

of the products of the region, it may be taken as an index of economic good health for the locality. If, over a period, the loan volume shows a dwindling trend, it may mean a region that is losing ground — becoming exhausted or being robbed of business by another community. Or if a large proportion of the loans are not paid at maturity but are chronically renewed, or if stocks or bonds or real estate have to be taken as additional security, these too have economic significances, reflecting perhaps crop failures, over-production, or inefficient, high-cost farming methods in a highly competitive national or world market, such as wheat. Inevitably all these facts are reflected in the condition of the local banks.

If the loans of a bank in a manufacturing or merchandizing field show a smoothly running co-ordination with production and distribution, they too mirror a healthy economic situation. Or there may be here also signs that reflect growing unfavorable conditions, such as excessive loan renewals, over-enthusiasm and therefore over-expansion of credit extended to makers or dealers in particular products, and similar circumstances. Similar conditions apply to banks engaged in financing the activities of the securities markets.

The foregoing is merely suggestive of the infinite aspects of the life outwardly surrounding the banks and forming and controlling their internal conditions. Although these facts seem obvious enough, the discussions and criticisms that have raged about the banks often appear to set them apart as somehow separate from the lives of our people, casting forth a malignant influence upon agriculture, industry, and trade from forces generated wholly within themselves.

The truth of the matter is that the fate of the banks is inseparably interwoven with the fate of the rest of the people and of the nation. What happened to the country happened to the banks, and what happened to the banks is in no way different or detached from what happened to the people. They are all part of the same pattern, of the same continuous stream of events. No one element in that stream of events can be called the cause of business depression. If the banks caused trouble to some of our people, it was because they were irresistibly forced to pass on troubles

that came to them from other people. These troubles destroyed the values of their securities and customers' notes — and rendered them unable, in turn, to pay back to other customers their deposits, which had been properly used to create these loans and investments. Unless these truths are kept continually in mind, there is no such thing as approaching an understanding of the banking problem or of properly safeguarding the very heavy stake of the public in that problem.

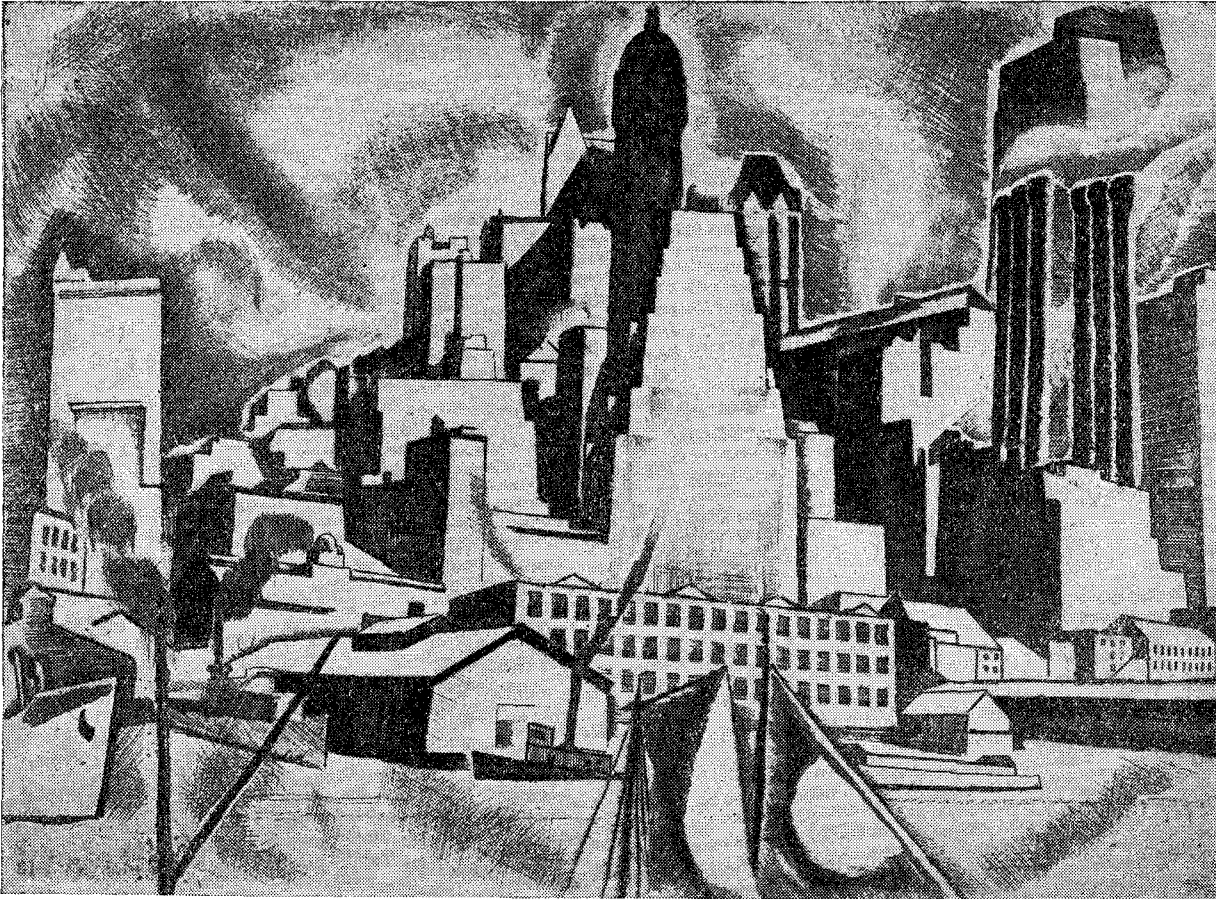
CREDIT AND CONFIDENCE

THERE IS one special aspect of banking that must be visualized and kept clearly in mind in terms of common, every-day facts if the element of the public interest in banking is to receive the intelligent consideration which is prerequisite to a solution of the problem on the basis of the common welfare. I refer to the difficult subject of credit. It is peculiarly one of those subjects about which people know so much that isn't so.

Credit may be informally described as future hopes, plans, and good intentions converted into present purchasing power. The farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant, the home buyer, the purchaser of household goods, the investor, and the speculator all borrow at times. They do so to enable themselves to acquire larger amounts of acres, raw materials and labor, merchandise, home real estate, furniture, bonds or stocks, than they can buy with their own cash. They plan to pay back these borrowings with the earnings of their crops, proceeds of the sales of their goods, incomes from their wages and salaries, or profits from the resales of their securities at enhanced market values, each as the case may be. They hope, each in his own sphere, to make or earn more than enough to carry out their good intentions and discharge their obligations as they fall due.

The greater part of these various forms of credit is obtained by the borrowers directly or indirectly through the expansion of the loans and investments of the banks. It is this which creates the notes, securities, and mortgages in the portfolios of the banks. The banks are able to extend these loans because a great many people deposit money with them. It is the function of the banker to use his experience and

THE PLACE OF BANKING IN SOCIETY



Etchings by Howard Cook

Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery

judgment to determine whether the hopes and good intentions of the various borrowers who come to him are well founded and justify him in lending them his depositors' money to aid them in carrying out their plans.

In the normal course, these projects are successfully carried out, although under even the best conditions the plans of a small percentage of borrowers go wrong through mistakes, hard luck, or dishonesty, and the judgment of the banker in such cases is proved by the after event to have been at fault. The losses caused under such conditions are ordinarily fully met by funds set aside out of the earnings of the banks for just this purpose and never affect the money of the depositors, who in fact seldom hear anything about such losses.

In the vast majority of cases and in the overwhelming volume of business involved, the confidence of the bankers in their customers and the confidence of the customers in their own ability to carry out their plans and obligations to successful conclusions are wholly justified. This is the normal economic situation and it constitutes the condition under which

the use of credit adds to the welfare and progress of society.

Such was the structure of hopes, good intentions, and common confidence in one another that existed among all classes of the nation's community life when the series of economic shocks began to shake the nation's social fabric in 1929. The people had deposited billions of dollars with the banks because they had confidence in them. The banks had loaned large volumes of these deposits on farm and home mortgages and on notes of manufacturers, business men, and finance concerns, and had invested in the standard securities of the nation's corporations, state and local governmental units, and the national government itself because they had confidence in the citizenship and the business conditions of the nation. These various borrowers in turn had committed these borrowed billions to their respective uses because they had confidence that the nation's industrial and commercial life would continue to go ahead and that earnings and wages and incomes would continue to enable them to meet their obligations.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE BANKS

THIS REPRESENTS in broad outline a picture of the interwoven human relationships of the nation's credit situation on the eve of the depression. The following presents a broad statistical picture of the position of the banks at this fateful moment in history:

There were in the United States 25,000 banking institutions. They had capital funds of \$9,500,000,000. They held deposits of \$54,500,000,000. This was a total of funds entrusted to them by the people, including stockholder investors and depositors, of \$64,000,000,000.

The great bulk of this \$64,000,000,000 had been loaned or invested by the banks in the standard economic values and industrial and business activities of the nation. Their mortgage and other loans to owners of farms aggregated \$6,500,000,000. Loans on urban real estate were \$4,000,000,000. Loans to individuals secured by U. S. Government, municipal, and corporate securities totalled \$11,000,000,000. Loans to industrial and commercial enterprises, in connection with the production and distribution of the nation's infinite varieties of goods, amounted to almost \$19,500,000,000. Investments in federal, state, and municipal bonds were almost \$6,000,000,000, and in various kinds of railroad and corporate securities, \$11,000,000,000. These made total loans and investments of \$58,000,000,000.

This great credit structure was built while the country was at peace, while the farms and factories were productive, while the nation and the world provided great active markets for their outputs, while the earnings of all kinds of enterprise were large, while the working people of the nation were fully employed, while wages and salaries were steady and generous, while prices of commodities were strong, and while the minds of the people were dominated by faith in the future and confidence in one another.

This credit structure that I have described was not something created by the banks, apart from the rest of the people. It was, in fact, the very web and woof of their daily lives. These \$58,000,000,000 of bank loans and investments were the economic heart of America itself.

There appeared no reason to fear that those who had borrowed these vast sums from the banks through loans and investments could not live up to their obligations. There appeared no reason to believe that the essential values making up the very substance of this great economic entity would materially change.

Then suddenly, almost as if the sun itself had lost part of its vitality, all things did change. Foreign markets failed and disappeared. Industry slackened. A rapid drop in all kinds of commodity values set in. The earnings of business fell. Unemployment developed. Wages and salaries went down. Domestic markets shrank. Fear became general. The securities markets became panic-ridden as the prices of stocks and bonds withered to fractions of their former values. It was the greatest disintegration of human plans, economic conditions, and worldly values in history.

Measured in statistics, annual foreign trade shrank in three years from \$9,600,000,000 to \$2,900,000,000. Industrial activity fell by 46 per cent. Commodity prices dropped by 31 per cent. The earnings of a representative group of a thousand corporations covering all the important industries fell from profits of \$3,286,000,000 in 1929 to losses of \$43,000,000 in 1932. Factory employment decreased by 38 per cent, and payrolls by 58 per cent. The price index for highest grade bonds depreciated by 24 per cent, and lower grades in some cases became valueless, as defaults spread. The average prices of the better representative stocks dropped by over 80 per cent, while those of great numbers reached zero, as their earnings disappeared and their assets became practically worthless.

These destructive changes cut right through the qualities and values of the loans and investments, the notes and securities in the banks. They meant that business men and manufacturers could not repay their notes as due. They meant that many governmental units and corporations defaulted the payments on their bonds. They meant that property underlying real estate mortgages became worth less than the face of the mortgages. They meant that the market values of standard securities became less than the banks had paid for them as investments or accepted them as collateral for customers' loans.

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This meant, in fine, that the ability of borrowers to carry out the future hopes, plans, and good intentions, that I have defined above as the basis of credit, had become impaired to a far greater extent than had ever before occurred in the nation's history, and the resulting losses could not be absorbed by the banks alone out of the normally ample funds that had been set aside against the expectancy of a certain inevitable percentage of human plans gone wrong.

It was in those various assets, whose values were thus becoming so unforeseeably impaired, that, in all confidence, in all good faith, in all humanly reasonable care and good judgment, the banks had entrusted the billions of dollars of deposits which their customers had entrusted to them. The banks had done this because it is their function and their public responsibility to use these deposits to make possible the varied essential economic life of the nation that those loans and investments represent.

Those loans and investments were, under all normal conditions, as good as gold itself. Indeed, if the banks instead had filled their vaults with gold bars, and then some unknown cosmic ray transmuted them into lead, the results would have been scarcely more startling than the depreciation that was caused in the assets of the banks by the unforeseeable economic forces which permeated and debased them.

The inevitable result was that, when the banks urgently needed the money they had entrusted to those assets, so that they could meet the unreasoning demands of their depositors, they could not get it back.

Will Rogers, in lighter vein, but with the profound instinct for truth which frequently gives epochal importance to his sayings, recently expressed well-nigh the whole banking story in a sentence when he said:

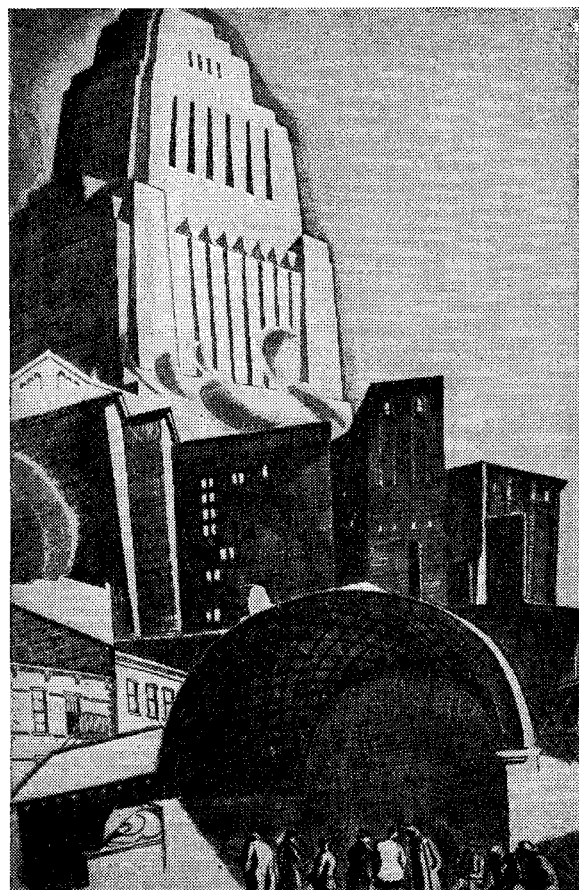
"We ought not blame the bankers for all this, — when we all needed money, they loaned it to us, but when they needed it, we couldn't pay it back."

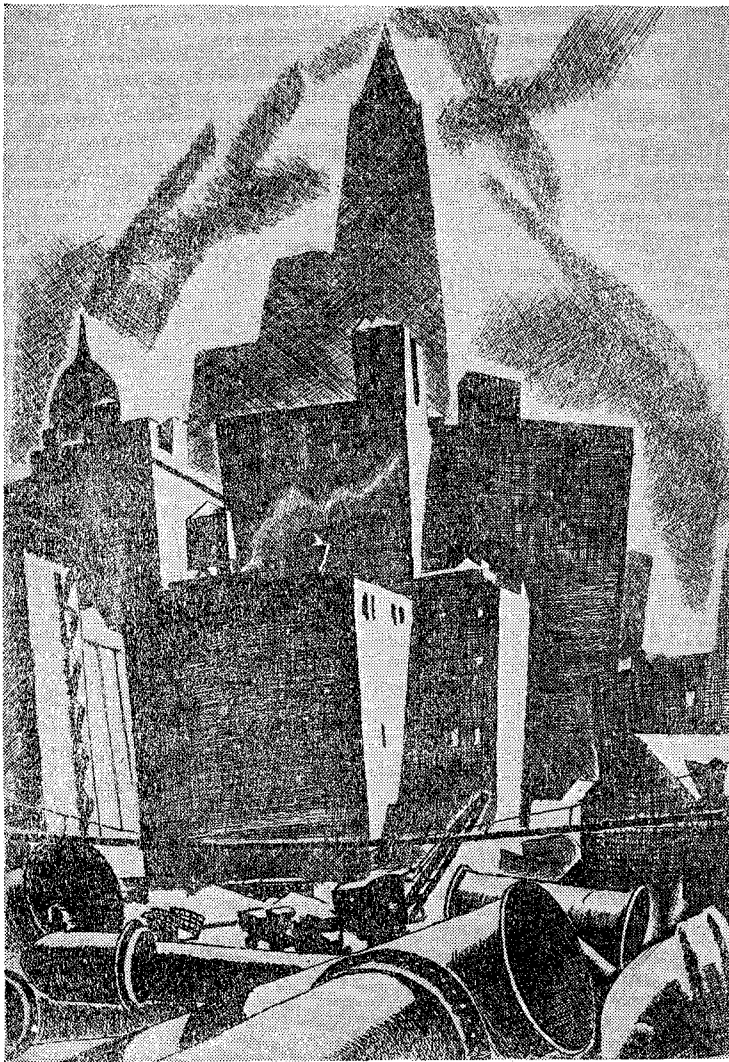
That was the great central fact of the banking disaster of the 1929-33 depression.

It was not that our banking system and methods were of themselves weak or reprehensible, apart from the rest of the life of the nation, as has so much been made to appear. It was not that our banks were permeated

with incompetency or dishonesty or with lower standards of business ethics than were the other forms of human activity with which their own fate and activities were inextricably interwoven, as, it almost seemed at times, there was a concerted national conspiracy to lead our people to believe. The great fact of American banking was that it shared fully in the plans and hopes and hazards of the American people, — and when those plans went wrong, the banks carried their share of the burdens and suffered their share of the misfortune.

Of some countries it is pointed out that, while their people have suffered just as great economic hardships as our people, not a single bank has failed, but are all sound and hearty. Well, American banking was so closely associated with the daily lives of the American people that it could not disassociate itself from their troubles, could not escape from its part in the sufferings that were the common lot. For it is true that not only have many American banks failed but every American bank has taken to itself unprecedented losses during the past three years which were not passed along to its depositors, while thousands have poured





millions of dollars into their weakened financial structures, out of the pockets of their stockholders, in order to avoid failure and to protect their customers from any losses at all.

THE WEAKNESSES OF BANKS

IN POINTING out that the central point and major aspect of the banking disaster was its unity with the troubles of the nation as a whole, I do not want to appear to be blind to certain serious defects in banking itself, or to take the stand that there are not important reforms to be applied.

Bankers, both in the state and national fields, have long recognized needed changes and new policies and have urged their adoption, too often without avail on account of political forces. We know that the chief weakness in banking was the existence of too many banks and the permission lavishly granted, often to unqualified persons, to open banks either with in-

sufficient capital or in places where there was no possible justification for them. The results of such policies had weakened the banking structure prior to the depression.

Despite protests of established bankers, lax chartering policies had been persisted in by both state and national politically appointed public banking officials, subject in many cases to influences other than devotion to sound banking and the public welfare. As a result, the nation had at one time nearly 31,000 banks, with capital ranging in thousands of cases from only \$5,000 up to only \$15,000 or \$20,000, and operated, in some cases, by former circus acrobats, barkeepers, retired village grocery-men, and others—wholly estimable in their own callings, but hardly properly trained to be bankers.

It is to be hoped that the bank failure disaster has swept out of banking the unneeded and improperly manned banks, but it is to be regretted that in the widespread demoralization created largely by distrust toward such banks, many good banks were destroyed and sound bankers ruined.

It is beyond argument that the people of the United States should have a banking structure immune from failure and wholly free from questionable banking. The President in his radio address the evening of March 12 said that while some bankers had been incompetent or dishonest this was not true in the vast majority of our banks. This is not enough. A situation should exist in which there is not even a small minority of bankers open to question.

TOWARDS SOUNDER BANKING

PUBLIC POLICY and sound banking both demand that henceforth there shall be no room for dishonesty or incompetency to exercise any appreciable influence in banking anywhere. Bad faith and bad management enter the human factor in all types of business in some degree, but as to banking, their effects should be surrounded by such special safeguards as to render them no longer a factor in

causing bank failures. The means and responsibility for bringing this about, however, are not wholly in the hands of the bankers. There are two other essential elements to be considered.

One is the quality of government supervision over banking. Since we rely so greatly upon the device of public supervision, it is axiomatic that, unless it is of the highest order in safeguarding the public interest, it may actually weaken the structure by creating a sense of false security. Supervision should render bad banking impossible, but it has failed to do so. There was no lack of supervision, presumably by the highest type of bank supervisors, in every one of the instances of questionable banking that has shocked the attention of the country during the past three years. It appears, therefore, that a thorough review of the supervision element in banking is called for if the people are to continue to rely on it for the protection of their interests.

A second essential factor in sounder banking involves the part played by the public. The definite responsibility rests on the people to support that type of banker whose rigid adherence to sound principles makes a sound bank, rather than to give their patronage to the easy-going banker, who may be easier to do business with, but whose methods create a weak bank. A bank is truly a semi-public institution in a reciprocal sense: it has its obligation to the public, but so has the public equal obligations to the bank. No one who has not sound banking principles at heart has any business in a bank, whether as a banker or as a customer. The great fact is that a bank is only as sound as its community, and this applies also to the banking structure as a whole in relation to the economic condition of the nation as a whole.

The banker is a semi-public servant. He is charged with the heaviest of responsibilities and obligations that occur in our economic life. But he can meet these fully only through the co-operation of good laws, good public officials, who are empowered to exercise authority over his bank, and good business methods on the part of business men generally who utilize his bank. Only through such co-operation by all elements in our nation's community life can we be assured of a failure-proof banking structure.

Fewer banks, more adequately capitalized, better supervised and better managed, standardization of laws and methods, greater and more intelligent co-operation between government and banking, better understanding by the public of its joint responsibility in maintaining banking solvency and efficiency — these are the primary principles of banking reform. Such a program will have the eager support of all good bankers.

The greater part of our banking problem is political, and not economic. The system under which American bankers are compelled to operate is for the most part not of their devising or choosing, but is the result of the political conditions and organization under which we live. With forty-nine different sets of banking laws and widely varying standards of supervision and performance, it is idle to expect standardized banking. Frequently, in discussing our problem, the English and Canadian systems are held up as models, and yet these systems are strong because of the very things which are politically impossible with us — concentrated wealth and responsibility, properly administered in the hands of a few, a theory in sharp conflict with the political and social philosophy of our democracy. Here, then, in passing judgment upon the banking situation, are some important points which should be borne in mind:

1. Bankers are human beings with exactly the same virtues and vices as other human beings, and any attempt to classify or segregate them as individuals or groups apart from the general economic body of organized society is of course utterly unscientific and unwarranted.

2. Our banking system itself has notable weaknesses, which, under the strain of economic reaction, could not stand up. These weaknesses have been very largely imposed by political considerations and are not the work of bankers themselves.

If we have learned sufficiently well this important lesson of adversity, a better devised and better regulated banking system may result, but it will never be stronger than the economic life of the country it serves, nor be better or worse than the moral standards and practices of the people for whose benefit it operates.

THE GATE OF THE PROMISED LAND

BY DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

INCRECIBLE as it may seem, the way to get out of this mess and stay out is to do something different from the things we did before. No one need apologize, therefore, for stating economic laws that fly in the face of what we thought were economic laws, nor for suggesting attitudes and policies that go directly contrary to the attitudes and policies of the past. Our old ideas of "sound" economics failed to work; a new understanding is called for.

One economic law in particular calls for recognition. The development of machinery has now reached the point where a few workers can make and distribute all the material goods that can be made out of our natural resources. The economic law is that if only a few workers can be employed in making and distributing material goods, then some way has to be found to give the other workers an income. Though all the principles of "sound" finance be outraged, though the moral precepts of Benjamin Franklin go trailing in the dust, though ghosts gibber in the Senate lobbies and confer with Senator Reed at midnight, yet the law stands. And the unemployed stand waiting for us to find the answer. Without a market there is no business; without incomes there is no market; without jobs there is no income; and making the goods does not furnish enough jobs.

The so-called "paradox of plenty" has flabbergasted the world for three years now. The more we make the less we have; the more we get the poorer we are; a good harvest is the ruin of farmers; and a first class earthquake brings prosperity to thousands. The fact is that the answer to this riddle is no secret; it is well known to hundreds of students and to at least one president of a large nation. But the answer is shocking to the old-fashioned economic conventionalities, and so it is taking the world a little time to get hungry enough to listen to it.

However complex in detail, the general outline of the answer to the paradox of plenty can be given in one sentence. If a few workers can make all the material goods, then the rest must be employed in doing non-material services. But since services are rather likely to be the same thing as luxuries, the answer may be expressed also in these terms: if a few workers can make all the necessities, then the rest must be employed in making luxuries.

In the past this simple rule has not been forced on the attention of business men, because there was a third possibility. The workers who could not be employed either on necessities or on luxuries could find jobs making new factories or new office buildings. By the same token, the money that was not spent either for necessities or for luxuries was invested in new capital plant. The unprecedented feature of the present situation is that we have passed through a depression without eliminating enough factories or office buildings to make room for new ones. Also we have failed to bankrupt enough of our capital structure to make room for new investments. Universal bankruptcy was, in fact, the famous "corner" around which lay the road to recovery. The corner was too near the precipice, and we refused to go around it. That leaves only the two alternatives. The men who cannot be employed on the necessities will have to be employed on the luxuries.

Now of course we have been taught that it is wicked to buy luxuries in hard times; so we nobly refuse to buy luxuries; so the surplus labor is unemployed; so business has no market; so nobody has any income. The fact is that we are suffering from a mistaken notion of what is wicked; and it is hard for us to admit that plain, ordinary luxury spending, however shocking it may seem, is the answer. The displacement of men by machines, or technological unemployment, as it is usually called, has an

answer, and this is it. The cure for technological unemployment is more spending for non-material services and non-essential luxuries. But since the answer is shocking, we block our minds by wondering where enough "legitimate" luxuries could be found to employ thirteen million men.

Of course there are not enough post office projects to employ thirteen million men. Nor will Mr. Roosevelt's forestry program suffice by itself to bring back prosperity. Its value is purely symbolic. The United States will have to think in larger terms than these. In 1929 we spent about eighty billion dollars, and so naturally our income was about eighty billion dollars, since what one spends another gets. This year we are spending less than forty billion, and accordingly our income is less than forty billion. Every year that we cherish this depression we are losing at least forty billion dollars of our national income. So if we can find some excuse for spending a good bit of money it will be worth all it is likely to cost.

In the public discussion of government spending, the generic name for spending is "public works." Although in the long run the physical building program is only a beginning, it is an important beginning because it is a natural way of leading the public mind within range of the measures that must afterward be adopted.

Public works are only a small part of the program as it will grow to be under the pressure of events. There are a couple of billion dollars' worth of construction projects now planned and ready to shoot anytime: and no doubt several billions a year can be spent on roads, water supplies, and sewage disposal for many years to come. So far, however, we have not touched the real answer to the paradox of plenty. Roads and waterworks are felt to be necessities. Sooner or later they have to be built anyway. So it is not from such things that prosperity is made. They are, after all, just a part of the ordinary market that business counts

upon; what business needs is an extraordinary market to use up its surplus productive power — some new market over and above anything previously hoped for. A new market will necessarily mean that someone is spending large chunks of money for something new, and therefore shocking and extravagant.

IT SMARTS TO BE THRIFTY

FOR INSTANCE, suppose that the whole western waterfront of Manhattan Island were to be cleared and made into a wide park all along the shore. The results would be jobs for the unemployed tearing down buildings, tenants looking for space elsewhere in New York, and a strong demand for new and better docking facilities. Incidentally, it would be good to look at.

Suppose the War Department were to settle upon one hundred assorted blighted areas near various cities and condemn a square mile in each to be used as an aviation and athletic field. Same results.

Suppose that every person with tuberculosis in the United States were to be ferreted out and provided with all the necessary facilities for treatment. A good many doctors would buy cars.

These examples of what can be done — and surely will be done within a generation — illustrate the difficulty that has to be overcome before business can be made prosperous. In spite of America's long history of the fulfillment of fantastic dreams, there is still something shocking in the proposal to scrap billions of dollars' worth of property just so as to make something that will be good to look at. Objec-



tions rise in every mind as naturally as winking. Think of the condemnation proceedings, the graft, the waste, the Tammany contracts, the cost! All true. But think of the forty billions of income we are losing this year by our parsimony. It smarts to be thrifty. It will cost a lot to kill this depression; but look at what it costs not to kill it.

It is futile to hope for a new wave of investment. New investment means new jobs, to be sure; but it also means new competition and new debts, and finally new bankruptcies and another grand smash. Business has got to get some money without signing anything. That sort of money is spent money, not lent money.

The government itself is not the only possible spender, but it is clearly up to the government to lead the way. Public building is only a small item, but it can be considerably extended, and in addition the public services can be almost indefinitely expanded as higher standards of living come to be insisted upon. The construction and maintenance of roads and parks, schools and libraries, are quite customary activities, but they can and should be extended to more than customary dimensions. Already there is an insistent demand that the main highways be relocated to by-pass the cities, and that rights of way be enlarged to eliminate billboards and hot dog stands. Congested areas in the cities can be cleared, freeing the land for boulevards and playgrounds. With the decentralization of population, now only at its beginning, the cities can be replanned so as to house all the remaining inhabitants on a small proportion of the ground area, with plenty of room for transportation and parks. In the country, reservations will provide sanctuary for wild animals and for people on vacation, and will remove marginal lands from farming.

The public sanitary and health services can be greatly extended, once the expense is realized as an economic necessity. Mental defects can be reduced in number by early detection and segregation. Personal maladjustments from removable causes, such as eyestrain, hookworm, or the movies, can be controlled if the funds are made available. The whole system for dealing with criminals needs to be rebuilt and provided with a new type of management and with a great staff of scientists and consultants. Against all our enemies —

against rats, mosquitoes, corn borers, floods, and contagious diseases — we expect the government to lead us out to war. Only the government has the power to make us work together in fighting pests and disease; and only the government has the power to make the unintelligent and the selfish pay their share of the bill.

Besides the extension of public services, a large source of nourishment for business is to be found in simply reducing or eliminating the self-liquidation of existing public work. The whole notion that “self-liquidating” public works pay for themselves is absurd. Somebody pays for them. The consumer pays for them. The same man who pays the sales tax. Self-liquidation is a sales tax. But are we trying to encourage buying by relieving the buyer of taxation, or are we trying to encourage investing by relieving the investor of taxation? Self-liquidating public works are merely a noble gesture by which money is added to the buying market with one hand and then taken away with the other. There can be no escape from the economic law. Trouble will discipline us until the circulating medium is actually pumped away from the would-be investor and to the would-be consumer. For instance, reducing the postal rate to one cent would add hundreds of millions of dollars to the buying market, provided the resulting deficit were covered by taxes not paid by consumers.

The fact is that sales taxes, nuisance taxes, and public fees come out of the consumer's pocket, the only source of business income. Real estate taxes, likewise, are mainly paid by the same consumer or passed along to him indirectly through higher costs. On the other hand, taxes on the upper brackets of personal incomes and inheritances, and on undivided corporate surplus, are in general paid out of money that otherwise would be invested. Every time the tax burden is shifted from consumers to investors, business gets less competition and more market. Business can never be on a sound and stable basis until the tax system is geared to encourage spending and to discourage investment. Investment in so-called “productive” enterprise was the goose that laid the egg that hatched in 1929.

All these possible governmental activities are still only a beginning. They will help to employ

labor, to improve the standard of living, and to furnish business with customers; but much more is needed to produce a satisfactory civilization. The environment will have to be adjusted so as to encourage a volume of private spending very much greater than anything the government is likely to be able to do.

LEISURE — LOTS OF IT

ONE OF THE MOST fundamental luxuries of all is leisure. There are at least three practical ways in which collective action can promote a wholesome distribution of this dangerous but indispensable commodity. The first is the elimination of child labor. Young people ought to be engaged in occupations other than producing things for sale, and if necessary they should be subsidized. Whatever that may cost, it will be worth the price. The second way is the effective limitation of the hours of labor. A great deal of life can be lived between twenty and sixty, if we can have time to devote to it. And time is one of those things we are going to have plenty of from now on. The third measure is an old-age pension system, including everybody, and designed not to ward off starvation but to furnish a generous income. This measure in particular will be of immense value. It will provide a consumer class that has nothing to sell; it will encourage retirement and give the young folks a chance; it will lead people to spend their incomes instead of wasting their best years in the pathetic and futile attempt to save for old age; and it has the advantage of being something Mr. Roosevelt has very much at heart.

Minimum wage laws will also be useful in certain conditions; and unemployment insurance added to compulsory accident and sickness insurance will reduce the feeling of economic insecurity and allow the workers to spend their incomes without fear.

Another wide range of possible expansion is in the services provided by semi-public associations, colleges, churches, clubs — all the infinite variety of social, religious, cultural, and recreational organizations that spring up spontaneously wherever Americans find themselves with time on their hands and a chance to “raise some money.” If the tax system can be so arranged that contributions are easily obtained there will be an immense growth of organized activity. The vital significance of this

committee-forming habit cannot be overestimated. Some of the causes that engage the devotion of supposedly grown-up men and women may seem to other people to be childish; the important fact is the tremendous vitality boiling and seething in our people. There will be no danger of running out of projects so long as we are addicted to inventing new ones by the dozen.

But still we have touched only the substratum of a real civilization. So far the picture is comfortable but colorless. The color will be in an outburst of adventure, in science and in drama, in philosophy and in architecture, in music and in personal relationships, in all the arts of life. We may see now the first faint signs of a new art whose material is human society itself and the personality of men and women. There is a dream of a world where lifelong fear, humiliation, and degradation may not be the common lot of the great masses of humanity. What that dream will demand of education, of medicine, of psychology, and of government, we cannot now foretell of course. For all these things, the real body of a great civilization, no specific plans can be made. We are only the primitives ourselves, and we cannot guess what the pinnacle of our civilization will look like. All we can do is to lay the foundations. The materials are at hand. This is the land of plenty. In America and in many other parts of the world, the age of plenty has come. A little labor will provide all the material things of life in abundance. Moreover, in this country we are a new and primitive people. Nordic and Jewish, Mediterranean, Slavic, Indian, and Negro, we are all young. Some of us are fresh from the wild, others have been selected for our adventurous qualities from races that have previously been civilized. We are vital blood, keen, unruly, and turbulent. Let us loose in the land of plenty, and within a couple of centuries we can build a civilization that will be worth looking at.

Just now we are struggling desperately at the gate of the promised land. Perhaps we shall get in this time, perhaps not. Anyway, it is well to know just what it is that stands in the way.

THE STUMBLINGBLOCK

NOW THAT WE have solved the problem of production, we are blocked by the problem

of distribution. All the things that must now be done center in how to keep the medium of exchange continually redistributed. Money is always accumulating in a few hands. In the past it was redistributed — with a string to it — by investing it in new buildings and new factories. That method no longer works. The investments were debts resting on business; and now we have come to the point where business cannot carry any more debts. Those accumulations, from now on, will have to be spent almost as fast as they are received, or else business cannot operate. If the fates are going to let us through the gate this time, we shall get through by taking action that will promote spending and restrict investment. Taxes on large incomes and inheritances will help. Our characteristic semi-public activities can be stimulated by exemptions that will divert large surpluses into contributions. Taxes on undistributed corporation surplus will prevent “ploughing in” and return these funds to circulation. All along the line, finance must give way to business.

The era of accumulation is past; the era of utilization has arrived. And underlying all these new policies we need a new mind and a new scale of values. The intolerable sin is no longer extravagance but avarice. The function of private wealth is not to promote production but to promote great cultural adventures. The first duty of man is not to make machines but to develop the arts of life. The economic system itself is not the end of life but only its service of supply. The knowledge of these truths is the key of the gate that leads to the promised land.

Amid the alarums and excursions of the crisis it is easy to lose our perspective. New and unprecedented proposals from the White House cause the blood of right-thinking conservatives to boil; reports in conservative papers that the President has abandoned the public works program send cold chills down the backs of liberals; and radicals whose thunder has been stolen howl fretfully in corners. Each new bill is examined in detail to see which side scored this time. The excitement is not unwarranted; for this is the birth of a civilization, and a dangerous job it is. And yet after it is all over, perhaps those who survive will look back and say that we ought to have cared less about small technical victories and defeats

and more about the main drift of the battle. Human nature is a very tough fabric, and if the main direction of our progress is right we can stand a great many minor mistakes and casualties.

In the long run it will not matter that we adopt plans that turn out to be impracticable, balance budgets that refuse to stay balanced, try to stay off the gold standard in face of an export surplus, or find it necessary to postpone the banking problem. What matters is that we move toward a policy of larger expenditures and smaller savings, personal, institutional, and public. What matters is that we learn the law that investment is the road to ruin. It does not matter whether we try to inflate the dollar with silver, paper, or bank credit. The immense federal revenue surplus that regularly appears in good times will automatically stop any governmental inflation unless taxes are recklessly reduced. What matters is that we look out for the kind of inflation that is really dangerous to us: the kind we had in 1929. Not to Germany, but to ourselves, do we need to look for an example of what the printing press can do to a nation. Our weakness is not paper money; it is Peruvian bonds.

If we get intoxicated with a rising stock market and start a wave of new investment, prosperity will come back, but only long enough to pack its things for a long absence. But if the government holds firmly to the policy of suppressing any boom that may try to develop in the financial markets, if its measures are mainly focused on the distribution of income and the allocation of income to spending rather than investment, then the new day can dawn. Plans may go awry, industries may go bankrupt, waste and graft and mismanagement may flourish as they have done in the past; but if the minds of our people can be turned away from avarice and parsimony towards habits of generous living, then the battle can be won.

It is hard to change our minds so quickly. But behind us is the desert storm, and ahead the first glimpse of green hills and pleasant fields. The high road of destiny is under our feet; our adventurous blood stirs again. With hard fighting and a bit of luck, perhaps we shall get through the gate this time and begin, in our own day, the foundations of a great civilization.

A LITTLE OLD LADY PASSES AWAY

BY JOHN P. WATERS

THE FAMILIAR essay, that lavender-scented little old lady of literature, has passed away. Search the magazines for her sparrowy whimsies, and in all but one or two of them you will find, in her stead, crisp articles, blatant exposés, or statistic-laden surveys. Even in the few that admit her pale ghost to their circle of economists, sociologists, and Washington correspondents, her position is decidedly subordinate: a scant column or two near the insurance advertisements at the back of the book. Her mourners — and there still are many — wonder why. There was a time. . . .

There was a time when the familiar essay was important; so important that *The Atlantic Monthly* Press issued four printings of a book explaining its characteristics and construction; so important that Christopher Morley, the little old lady's favorite American nephew, took time off to anthologize her for admiring high-school teachers and their victims in English I-II, who were often led to believe that all literature, like all Gaul, was divided into three parts: fiction, poetry (pronounced poy'tree), and the familiar essay, with the familiar essay far in the lead as a literary form.

This last, this classifying it as a form, was not always easy to do. Those who tried usually gave Montaigne the credit for originating it and traced its development through Abraham Cowley, Thomas Browne, *Blackwood's Magazine*, Lamb, Hazlitt, and Thackeray. In tone and content, however, the essays of these pioneers little resembled the ones that this generation of readers remembers. Indeed, about all that links them is the common note of personal expression, the feeling that behind the words is a human being and not an omniscient voice. Yet even in this quality there is a difference between the old and the new.

In the former, though one was aware of personality, one was still conscious of the

writer's dignity, of a slight barrier that he raised between himself and his audience. In the latter, this dignity was all too often missing, discarded for buttonholing intimacy, cracker-barrel philosophizing, and Winnie-the-Pooh whimsey.

What brought about this change? Why did so many modern essayists err in carrying familiarity too far? To find the answer, we must consider what the modern form was like at its best, and why it was popular.

At its best, the familiar essay was "a kind of improvisation on a delicate theme, a species of soliloquy; as if a man were to speak aloud the slender and whimsical thoughts that come to his mind when he is alone on a winter evening before a warm fire."

Intimacy, reverie, whimsey — these were the qualities that won it thousands of devoted readers, that made it kindly relief from frowning treatises, ramrod sermons, and all the high and mighty didacticism our fathers were flayed with before its advent. It was warm and human, unconcerned with life's granite problems but fascinated with the trifles, moods, and humors that colored the lives of its readers. It was comfortable literature, muddying no quiet pools with a stirred-up sense of sin, goading no laggard ambition to be something. Instead, it chatted easily and urbanely, graceful successor to the gradually dying art of conversation.

With so much in its favor, what caused its downfall? The answer is: the same qualities that made it popular — intimacy, reverie, whimsey. These qualities elicited so many gurgles of, "How charming! What a delightfully helpless fellow the author must be!" from sisters, wives, and maiden aunts, that literarily inclined gentlemen who had not been gushed over for years immediately concluded that the way to become inundated in gush was to put themselves in print as quaint old fuss-budgets. As a consequence, starveling hacks raced bony

clergymen to the mailboxes with manuscripts that would make them "dears" and "darlings" to the petticoated portion of the populace.

They succeeded, of course, for the trick was easy. One had only to empty his mind of all knowledge, all common-sense, all everything, except tender quotations from Horace and Tennyson, and start reacting. Anything was a fit subject, the simpler and more far-fetched the better. For example, Mr. Percival Biggs — a six-foot giant who had played tackle for Yale in the days when football was played with the feet — would suddenly develop all the cute physical attributes of a pansy when confronted by the relatively simple problem of stoking his hot-air furnace. Instead of being a harmless cylinder of sheet-metal, it became "an insatiable scarlet-mawed monster." His modest two tons of winter coal became "sable diamonds" to be "immolated thrice daily." He himself was transformed from a lazy suburbanite to a "quaking panderer to Zoroaster." He wallowed in self-pity.

There were other schools, too. The mellowists, for example, did not want to be darlings. They wanted to be ripe, winey. Young men of twenty, green as quinces, ripened overnight. No Village attic lacked its fireside philosopher with his bowl of russet apples, his October cider, his Sherlock Holmes pipe, and his tin of Craven's Mixture — as unmellow a blend of grass and red-pepper, by the way, as Britain's abominable tobacconists ever foisted upon gullible Anglophiles. Reverie took the place of all other mental functions, and bookish archaisms from Evelyn and Pepys bid fair to drive out all other words from thesaurus and dictionary.

Worst of all, however, were the coy writers, the ones who defied death-by-strangulation with little tinklings called "An' Him Went Home to Him's Muvver." Others of these twitterers delighted in tickling the risqué with the feather end of their pens. Never boorishly, of course. A mild *damn* — in quotation marks — perhaps. Or the impish suggestion that they — pagans that they were — sometimes didn't quite close their shower-curtains all the way. This group was especially dear to schoolmarms from Brookline, Mass., who — during the months that Columbia Summer School was open — made life on the West Side

subway utterly unbearable for native-born New Yorkers by staring them into nervous fits in an effort to gather first-hand material for hellish little papers on "The Typical New Yorker — Poor Thing."

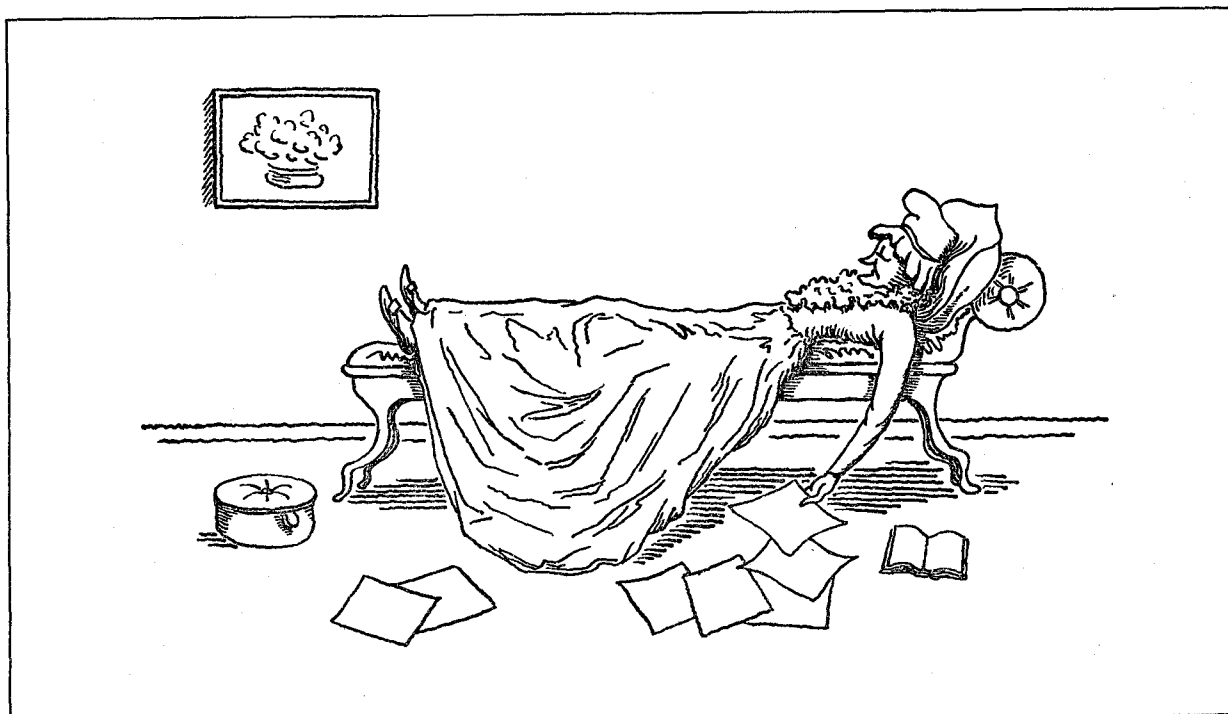
At first, of course, these insect pests were few in number, and their buzzings were harmless enough. But when ever-increasing hordes discovered that writing the familiar essay was the ovaltine their egos needed, the end was near. No literature that is peopled exclusively with doddering loons afraid of sewing-machine flywheels, bewildered by the complex mechanics of hot-water faucets, and hero-stricken with such worthies as tympani thumpers, elevator starters, scissor grinders, and street cleaners can survive long.

The final axe fell when the high schools, with well-meaning but pitifully misdirected affection, took to teaching the fragile art to their fuzzy-lipped brats. Where there was one asinine but educated gush-hunter before, there were now whole herds of pubescent illiterates to annoy friends, relatives, and editors with misspelled masterpieces patterned after, or swiped from, the models their texts supplied.

For texts were essential paraphernalia in the tax-supported essay mills. Though the ninth-grade savants brashly disregarded the fact that the only endurable familiar essayist is a person with well-digested learning, impeccable syntax, urbane humor, pleasant sophistication, and indisputable savoir-faire, they were realistic to the extent that they provided inspiration for off-days when their darlings were not quite equal to scintillating out a three-hundred-word tiara for Miss Sophie Spragg to display at the next Parent-Teacher meeting. Consequently, they selected texts that made plagiarism as easy as possible by presenting carefully preserved specimens in neatly labelled blocs: "Essays of Type I — Personal Experiences, Confessions, Self-Analyses; Essays of Type II — Reflections on Life, Human Nature, Customs, and Experience; Essays of Type III — Observations and Discoveries in the familiar and the Commonplace; Essays of Type IV — Nature Essays; Essays of Type V — General Observations, Comments, and Opinions of the Author."

Yet helpful as this break-down was, it was only preliminary and padding to the real meat

A LITTLE OLD LADY PASSES AWAY



of the book — the Appendix, which listed some two hundred and fifty “suggested titles.” These were always added apologetically; for of course out of the adolescents’ wide reading, mature wisdom, and glowing personalities would flow so many “topics” that such a list was almost an insult. Still, to be on the safe side, the text-writers always left it there; and it is remarkable how hungrily, and thankfully, the mute inglorious Morleys swallowed its insults and wrote, as per suggestion, on “My Ailments” (No. 27), “On Being Small” (No. 38), “Why the Dessert Course Last?” (No. 67), “Nature’s Languages” (No. 174), or — supreme inspiration — “Diddling” (No. 225).

With such near-Berbohm flowing into it, no form, let alone the most delicate, could retain its sparkle. Worse still, the public’s palate became corrupted. Those who did not turn away in disgust either preferred the spurious stuff to the vintage products of the Morleys, Conrads, and McFees or took to regarding all essays and all essayists with stiff-necked contempt. And why not? Weren’t they themselves able to bat out essays by the yard? Didn’t they know all the tricks the masters used in building up their effects? And what, pray, was so wonderful about Hilaire Belloc? Anybody could do as well; and because anybody could, nobody wanted to.

What else, then, could the little old lady do

but die as unobtrusively as possible? The children who had gathered around her hassock to hear her thin little musings had all grown up and gone away — or remained to mock her quaintness with their new-found wisdom. Radio, prohibition, and prosperity were stinging their senses with more peppery fare. A new and dizzyingly complex world had roared across the quiet hearth; and listeners once sure of their philosophies and content to roam in the pleasant meadows of reverie now groped bewilderedly for *facts*, explanations, anything to help them realign their lives before new discoveries, new techniques, drove out all meaning from life itself. Reverie, whimsey, and humor were out; they didn’t get you anywhere.

Hence, gradually, the little old lady deserted her familiar haunts and faded away. Occasionally a sentimental editor, remembering her pleasant tea-table chatter, invites her fluttery ghost to visit his prim Caslon pages. There, politely baffled by the loud talk of collectivism and social trends and economic determinism all about her, she sits a while and muses with her old friends. Then she leaves and does not come back for months at a time. One day, perhaps, her pale ghost will not appear at all, and the hard young sociologists can have her pages all to themselves. But I hope not. For all their cocksure *-ologies*, they cannot comfort us the way she did — when she was at her best.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

A Young Man Looks at His World

BY EDWARD C. ASWELL



THE EDITOR has invited me, as a young man presumably concerned about the uncertain future, to set down here a few of the changes which I hope to see brought about in our social and economic life within, say, the next twenty years. It is a large order. In attempting to fill it, I shall have to indulge in wishful thinking. Each of us, of course, is the measure of his own desires, and, lest mine grow too utopian, I shall try to keep an eye cocked upon what seem to me to be, if not probabilities, at least possibilities.

The first premise I would lay down is that Mr. Roosevelt's "new deal" was not just a campaign slogan. It was an apt phrase to de-

scribe something of tremendous moment that is happening to us. It is nothing less than the end of *laissez faire*. The age of grab, with all the plums going to him who had the longest reach, is dead. The frontier, that most potent of influences upon our past, has long since vanished, the lingering mental attitudes which it fostered are now fast fading, and we stand today on the threshold of a new era. A new era — how trite the words sound! But make no mistake about it, the thing itself bristles with vitality and with far-ranging consequences for every man, woman, and child in America.

Ever since that black Thursday in October, 1929, when the New York Stock Exchange echoed to the crash of a false prosperity, mighty forces have been at work shifting the very bases of our economic and social order. And on the afternoon of March 4, 1933, when Mr. Hoover smiled his sad farewell to Washington, the occasion marked something more than the retirement from the stage of an earnest, well-meaning, disappointed man. "Rugged individualism" there took final leave of the chaotic America which it had created, and the curtain rang down upon what the day dramatically revealed as the shattered, paralytic tag-end of an age.

This age, so seemingly vigorous but a few years ago, began with the Industrial Revolution. It was ushered in to the tooting of Watt's steam engine. For a century and a half it waxed and flourished. It invented ingenious new machines without number, and these in turn created such a surfeit of goods and comforts as mankind had never dreamed of. It became demonstrably possible to raise the standard of living of the world's population to fantastic levels. But instead of this, warehouses bulged with food and clothes while men starved in rags on the streets outside.

This "paradox of plenty" pointed to a fundamental flaw in the system. The selfish philos-

ophy of the age was at fault. It was a philosophy summed up in the doctrine of *laissez faire* — “Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.” Well, the devil, in the guise of a depression, has at last taken the hindmost, and it turns out that the category includes nearly all of us.

The future is already beginning to assume form on the ruins of the past, and what we can see of it indicates a new departure in human affairs. Week by breathless week it becomes more evident that we whose good fortune it is to be alive in these exciting times are witnessing another great, historic revolution. The Industrial Revolution made it possible for us to solve the problems of production. The new revolution will have to make it possible to solve the companion problems of distribution. The one had to do with mechanical processes; the other must concern itself with the infinitely more difficult task of readjusting human relationships. This will call for an awakened social conscience, for a new conception of human rights and duties.

After the Industrial Revolution comes the Social Revolution. There is no logic in the sequence.

II

THERE is every reason to believe that the Social Revolution will be accomplished in America without bloodshed. But shall we then be justified in calling it a revolution? Are we not taking unwarranted liberties with a sensational word when we apply it to what is now happening to us?

Not at all. There are as many ways of staging a revolution as there are of skinning a cat. The essential thing in skinning a cat is to get the skin off. The essential thing in staging a revolution is, as the word implies, to effect a revolving, a shifting, a turning away from one mode of life to some other mode, from one set of concepts to another set; and to bring this about a resort to arms is the last device to be recommended — and then only when all others have failed.

Despite differences in method, in purpose, and in results, all revolutions that deserve the name have had one common characteristic: each has been concerned with a revision or a revaluation of vested interests. The French

Revolution scaled down the vested interests of the aristocracy and increased those of the bourgeoisie. The Industrial Revolution, by quite different methods, had a roughly similar effect. It destroyed or rendered impotent the vested interests of feudal lords, whose power was derived from the ownership of land, and created vast new vested interests for a class of men whose power was derived from ownership of the newly invented tools of production. The Russian Revolution was more drastic. It swept the deck entirely clear of all the old vested interests — particularly those created by the Industrial Revolution — and made a fresh beginning in every direction.

Now the Russian Revolution appears to have been the first violent, local outburst of the Social Revolution — a world-wide movement of which we are only now beginning to feel the impact. With us I hope it will take a different form, and be much less extreme in its consequences. That it is the same revolutionary process, however, is to be seen in the fact that, here as in Russia, the first vested interests to feel the cutting edge of change have been those which were brought into being by the Industrial Revolution. The business man as we have known him in America was the creature of the Industrial Revolution. For three and a half years, now, the inexorable forces of depression have been chiseling away at him, undermining his status and his stature. To-day there is hardly one business leader in the length and breadth of the land who has not been seriously deflated in pocketbook, in reputation, and in influence.

Think back, if you can, to those golden days of a few years ago when Washington was a suburb of Wall Street. Do you remember Mr. Gerard's famous list of the fifty men who then ruled America? They were our most prominent bankers and industrialists. Where are they now? Mr. Samuel Insull is in Greece, a fugitive from justice. Mr. Charles E. Mitchell is in the toils of the law. And what of the others — where are they? Well, we hardly know where they are, practically all of them have become so very, very quiet.

I do not mean to imply that the business men of America were all Insulls and Mitchells. Neither do I cite Mr. Gerard's list to gloat over fallen greatness. I mention it merely to

call attention to the enormous change that has already taken place in the chief bulwark of the old order. Even now our Social Revolution has accomplished as much as the Russians achieved by their armed uprising of March, 1917. They forced the abdication of the Czar; our old leaders have also abdicated. If this seems an extreme statement of the case, let me remind you that President Roosevelt used just these words in his Inaugural Address last March.

III

THIS scaling down of the vested interests held by the business man has gone far, and will probably go further before a point of equilibrium is reached. And it is here, I think, that the Social Revolution will take a different road with us than it took in Russia. The Russians, having the doctrine of Karl Marx at hand, swallowed it whole and exterminated the business man as an enemy of society. But Americans, like Englishmen, are not too fond of doctrine. The Anglo-Saxon way is to "muddle through," which, being interpreted, means, "Do what is necessary, and think up a theory to justify it afterward."

So I do not believe that we shall take the road to Moscow. We do not regard the business man as an enemy of society except when he suffers from delusions of grandeur and attempts to force his selfish will upon the state. His efforts to play the rôle of statesman during the past decade were a mistake, both for him and for us, and now that we are engaged in cleaning up the mess he made of it, we cannot be too severe with him, because we were partners to his folly. The job ahead of us, then, is to put the business man in his place. It will be a smaller place, a narrower place, than any he has yet occupied; but within its limits he can still be useful, and if he learns to behave himself, he will be secure.

Here, however, I am dealing in futures, and that is a risky business. What has already happened to reduce the vested interests sanctioned by the old order is evident enough; what is still to come as our Social Revolution progresses no man knows. One can only venture an opinion to express one's hopes or fears. I prefer to offer mine, not as prophecy, but as a summary of frankly avowed hopes.

IV

OF ONE thing we can be sure. As old vested interests are repudiated, new ones will inevitably be set up, for that is the essence of revolution. What are these new ones likely to be? Earlier in this paper I spoke of the need of an awakened social conscience. Let us, for the moment, assume it. How will it assert itself?

I venture to hope that it will assert itself in behalf of the man who works for wages. He is "The Forgotten Man," and he must be our central concern if the Social Revolution is to solve the pressing problem of distribution. If social justice is to be done and economic stability attained, there are two distinct ways in which he must be made the beneficiary of the new deal.

In the first place, every workman, he who uses his head as well as he who uses his hands, must be paid approximately what he earns. That sounds simple enough, and so it is, but it has not yet been tried. Under the old order, the employer made a sharp bargain with his hired man, saying to him in effect: "Here is a job at which you will earn seven dollars; I'll pay you five and we'll call it square." And that is what he did.

The result was that the hired man was constantly producing more than he was able to consume. Goods which he wanted and needed, which he had a real claim to but lacked the means to obtain, piled up in warehouses and on merchants' shelves. Meanwhile the employer — whether a person or a corporation does not matter — grew rich. The more men he was able to hire on the terms stated above, the richer he became. Since he could eat only so many loaves of bread and wear only so many hats and take baths in only so many tubs, his margin of savings was enormous. So he dumped his surplus into the stock market, where, since the number of legitimate enterprises was limited, part of it went to swell the capitalization of these businesses and the rest was swallowed up in fantastic speculations of all sorts.

This is an over-simplified picture, to be sure, but in its main outlines it preserves the essential truth. More and more we are coming to see that the problem of distribution cannot be solved until the workman is permitted to consume as much as he produces. This is ele-

mentary logic, and enlightened employers are already convinced of it.

But that is not all. Security is just as important to the laborer as an honest wage. Heretofore, such security as is possible in industry has been almost wholly reserved for the investor. The man who put money in a business acquired a vested interest in it. It was *his* business, and he could do with it anything he pleased — this in spite of the fact that other elements besides money were necessary to make it a successful enterprise. Good management and honest labor had to contribute each its fair share if the money was to be productive. Yet neither labor nor management, if management was divorced from ownership, was ever thought of as acquiring a vested interest in the business.

The man who gave his labor and thought through all the fertile years of his life was considered to have obtained everything that was due him when he received his inadequate wage. He could be — and often was — cut off from his job at an instant's notice, or turned out to shift for himself when old age at last overtook him. All the profits of the business and all of its increased value if it thrived and flourished were reserved exclusively for the man whose investment was made in terms of money.

The second benefit, then, which an awakened social conscience should confer upon the wage earner is a recognition that labor is a form of investment — by no means the least precious form — and that it constitutes a legitimate vested interest. A dawning consciousness of this is already to be seen in the insistent agitation for unemployment insurance, as well as in the statutes which have been enacted in a few states requiring minimum grants for old-age pensions.

It goes without saying that if the rewards of labor are increased in either or both of the directions here indicated, the rewards of capital will have to be correspondingly diminished. If 8 per cent, say, was considered a reasonable return upon one's money in 1928, it may well be that in the future the normal figure will shrink to 3 per cent, or even 2 per cent.

This may seem a shocking prospect to minds which are still thinking in terms of the Coolidge boom, but we need not concern ourselves too much with the vestigial remains of an age

that is dead. Nature has an effective way of dealing with folk who cannot readjust themselves to changed conditions; let them visit the Museum of Natural History and take a look at the dinosaur. After all, a sensible man might prefer a stable economic order and a steady 2 per cent on his money to the violent fluctuations of the past which made it possible for him to get 8 per cent one year and nothing the next, or the next, or the next.

V

IN ONE of his recent articles, Walter Lippmann summarized his observations of the temper of the American people as he observed it on a trip across the continent by saying: "The country appears to have become convinced that a very considerable measure of social control over competitive, individualistic, speculative economic enterprise is necessary and desirable." Very well; through what channel can this social control be directed?

There are only two institutions which can express in any effective degree the social conscience of mankind. One is the Church, the other is the State. The Church can do much to check the ruthless acquisitive instincts of individuals, but it cannot remake an economic system. The State, then, remains.

In the past it has been customary for government to confine its restrictive activities very largely to such enterprises as the utilities, the banks, and the railroads. The State's "meddling" in these fields was of course contrary to the sacred dogma of *laissez faire*, and it had to be justified on the ground that there was something peculiar about these enterprises which made them exceptions to the normal rules of the game. Either they were natural monopolies, and hence automatically cut off from the benefits of free competition, or, if they remained competitive, they were said to be "affected with a public interest."

To-day these distinctions between private business and semi-public business no longer seem as valid as they once did. When private business breaks down and throws from ten to twelve million men out of work, the situation takes on such magnitude that it becomes impossible for individual initiative to deal with it. If the depression has taught us nothing else, it has brought home to us the fact that all busi-

ness is, in a very real sense, "affected with a public interest."

In the future, therefore, I expect to see the province and the regulatory powers of government enormously increased. No one who has read the newspapers since the Roosevelt administration came in can fail to be aware that this is even now taking place.

Under *laissez faire* it was the fashion to praise weak government, and to praise it most highly when it was most subservient to the dictation of our dominant business institutions. In consequence of this attitude, and of the kind of government it fostered, many of us have come to feel a considerable distrust of government *per se*, and to think that the less we have of it, the better off we shall be. I predict that this distrust will disappear if the State becomes strong enough, and at the same time courageous enough, to exercise its regulatory powers in response to the awakened social conscience of the people.

The result would be, not communism, but a limited capitalism. In government itself, men discovered long ago that absolute monarchy was a bad thing because of the excesses to which it was liable. The English people solved this problem by setting up a limited monarchy. In much the same way, we of this generation have discovered that absolute individualism in business is suicidal because of the excesses to which it is liable. May not the solution of this problem also be found in adopting the principle of limitation? May not the answer lie in a restricted individualism, in a regulated form of capitalism, with the State setting the limits which the general welfare requires and policing the preserves of economics to see that the bounds are not overstepped?

VI

IN THE space that remains I can do no more than touch in briefest outline upon some of the developments and benefits which might be expected to flow from such a transformation:

1. A fairly stable economic order, with consumption geared to production and the vicious curves of the business cycle flattened out.
2. A large measure of national planning.
3. The modification or repeal of the anti-trust laws, with government regulation taking the place of anarchical competition.

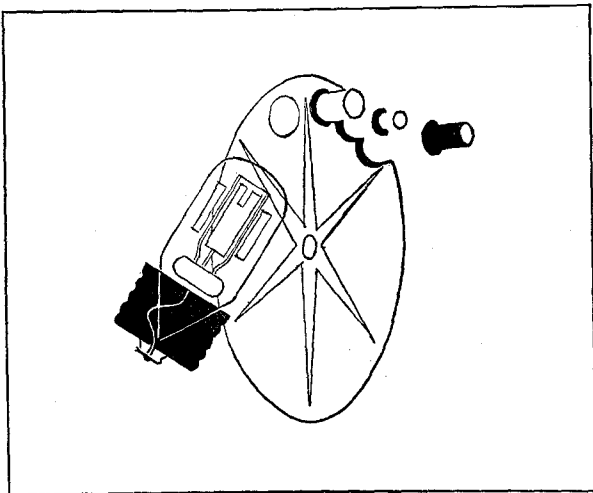
4. An end to speculation.
5. A reduction in the hours of labor which normally constitute a day's work.
6. A more leisurely, unhurried, and unharried way of life.
7. A new dignity for all kinds of honest labor, whatever its nature.
8. High income taxes in the upper brackets, and confiscatory taxes on inheritances and excess profits.
9. Social condemnation of great fortunes.
10. A restoration of the middle class to its old position as the bulwark of the nation's integrity.
11. The extinction of the lately prevailing social compulsions which made it seem necessary to "keep up with the Joneses."
12. A realization that debt, however acquired and for whatever purpose, is a dangerous thing.
13. A great improvement in the quality and personnel of the government service. As the rewards of business become less tempting, fewer promising young men will become stock brokers and corporation lawyers, and more of them will enter public life.
14. Similar gains for education, for the arts, and for the sciences, which will also become more attractive to young men as business becomes less so.
15. Last but not least, the cynical attitudes of business, with its tendency to identify virtue with success and its custom of justifying any practices, however shady, so long as they pay, will cease to color the philosophy of the American people.

Recently I have heard several older men speak sadly of the days that are gone and bemoan the changed world in which their sons will have to make their uncertain way. Not so the sons, the men of my generation. We realize that the future will offer us less opportunity for quick wealth, less adventure of a speculative kind, than our fathers knew. Ours will be opportunity and adventure of a different order.

Just the other evening I was discussing this question with one of my college classmates who was in Wall Street before the crash, in the thick of the competitive struggle. He summed up the feelings of many of us when he exclaimed: "What a relief to feel that I no longer have to justify my existence by getting rich!"

IS TELEVISION RIPE FOR PICKING?

BY T. COULSON



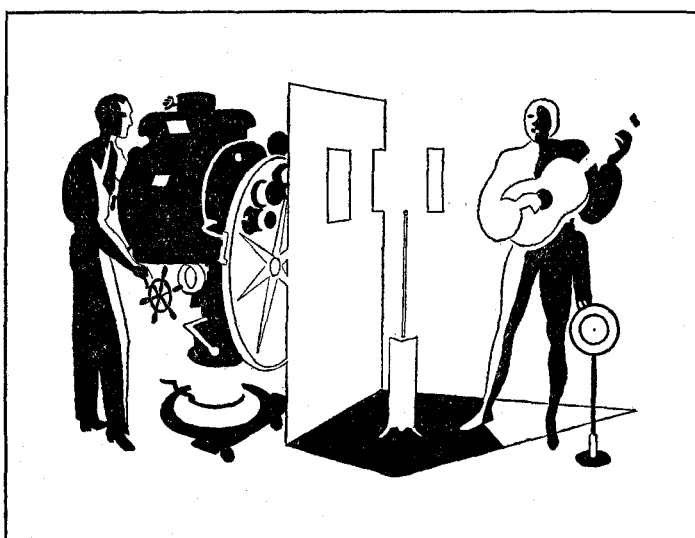
Drawings by Robert Patterson

QUITE A FEW people, scanning the business horizon with Micawber-like optimism for signs of new industries that would stimulate a trade revival, have professed to discern the realization of their hopes in two sources — controlling atmosphere in the home, and television. Not so long ago a survey was made for the guidance of a group of shrewd business men seeking a profitable investment for large capital resources and the factual evidence collected was conclusive proof to them that the air control of homes could not develop into industrial importance within the next fifteen years unless something entirely beyond rational foresight should change the situation. It looks as though nothing short of a dynamite charge will shatter the opposite conviction in regard to television.

Irrepressible optimists continue to assure us that television, like prosperity, is coyly concealing itself around some indefinite corner. If you happen to notice a welcoming crowd moving in that direction do not turn off the radio to join them. Sit tight, even if the radio set is not the latest model. Those optimists who try to persuade us that engineers are only waiting for an improvement in business conditions to launch television upon an expectant

market are of two kinds: first, there is the unscrupulous individual who sees a chance of exploiting the responsive market with a scientific toy for which he makes extravagant claims, and second, there is a large body of radio amateurs who have grown weary of radio because the acceleration in the rate of radio's progress seemed to assure them a persistent improvement which, in the nature of things, could not be maintained. The latter group grow enthusiastic over any prospect that offers promise of novelty. They are utterly incapable of any reasoned judgment, but they constitute such a large mass that their demands offer a choice field for the exploiter. One group is encouraging the other with illusory hopes and it is difficult to say which is likely to do television the most injury. The least upswing in the volume of purchasing power may so encourage the irresponsible manufacturer to precipitate the sale of imperfect apparatus that the responsible maker, who has invested heavily in research, may be stampeded into the market before he is ready in order to gain some return upon his investment before disillusion sets in.

Frankly, television as an industry is not near. Those engineers who have laid their cards boldly upon the table by making public demonstrations of their sets have only succeeded in showing us that television has not passed the experimental stage in their laboratories. Others have contented themselves with the statement that television is not yet ready for the public and have gone on steadily, with the patience of their kind, perfecting their apparatus without inviting the public's plaudits. Their stage of accomplishment exceeds anything which has yet been revealed in public demonstration. Fortunately, the finest apparatus I have seen (and it has been my business to see as many as possible) is the development of a company which takes its research seriously, which is in a position to withhold its



invention until it is nearer perfection, and which can market it without piratical intention of exploitation. The favorable moment for doing so is still vaguely distant.

In the contemporary stage of the art the apparatus is far too expensive to meet with a large sale, it is not yet efficient, and it is too complicated to be manipulated by an uninstructed amateur. One of the features of the public demonstrations has been the frequency with which the exhibition has been interrupted through some imperfect part failing to discharge its function, and I have rarely seen any uninterrupted demonstration at which the operating engineers were not agreeably surprised to find they were not called upon to execute repairs or to make adjustments. That is a far cry from the time when we can twiddle a dial to pick up a desired program and settle back to enjoy its performance. Nevertheless, engineers are making rapid progress toward both the perfect and the simple apparatus and they are likely to be ready before the rest of the potential industry is organized.

WHAT THE DEALERS DID TO RADIO

THE QUESTION of selling a piece of delicate mechanism requiring expert care and attention leads to consideration of its sales outlets. For some wholly inexplicable reason the radio retailer has assumed that television is going to be the ladder by which he will achieve salvation. They are all eagerly panting on the heels of the engineer, but for all the chance they have of realizing their hopes they would be well advised to turn to plumbing or

some other stable enterprise. For some years after its introduction to the public television will be unfit for sale through many of the existing retail channels. The only sales outlets through which the manufacturers will venture to distribute their products are those dealers who are intelligent enough to perceive that it will need a much more efficient engineering service than does modern radio and who are financially able to provide an adequate service. It is notorious that the radio industry has been badly served by the majority of its retailers. When the art was new the salesman had to have a knowledge of its

principles because he was called upon to give an infinite variety of advice upon its use and application. He was more engineer than salesman. As the apparatus became more and more fool-proof the demand expanded, the need for knowledge diminished, and the sale of radio became a get-rich-quick avenue for anyone who could rent a store or who could clear a corner among the jewelery, the agricultural implements, or the dry goods to make room for exhibiting a model.

The trouble with these people was that they did not recognize how radio differed from other goods. Radio had first to be sold and then to remain sold. With many dealers there was no conscious sales effort; they were merely satisfying an existing demand, and no one was more surprised or helpless than the salesman when a much advertised (and weren't they advertised!) model failed to live up to expectations. The alert business-like dealer naturally suffered from the defects of the inefficient, and so did the whole industry. Many of the inefficient dealers never realized that they were engaged in business; their business methods were deplorable. Quality of the product never appealed to them; they were hypnotized by a policy of achieving a quick turn-over without a thought of the thing ever turning back on them. Did someone produce a set with horribly distorted bass, the retailer immediately expressed himself as handicapped unless his manufacturer could produce more distortion. A barrel-like resonance became a necessity instead of something to be avoided, dealers sold radio in response to every claim imaginable, but it was

IS TELEVISION RIPE FOR PICKING?

not until recently that someone persuaded them to try convincing their customers that fidelity was worth seeking in the reproduction of sound. The manufacturer should have eliminated the incompetent dealer in his own defense, instead of which he permitted, nay encouraged, the multitude of men who engaged in the trade to embark upon a competition which was so insane that it reached its climax when trade-ins cut away all legitimate profit from retail sales. Indeed there were numerous cases where storekeepers were making sales upon which there was never any hope of profit because of the liberality of their allowances for old machines. The result of this was never in doubt. The retailer bombarded high heaven for cheaper and ever cheaper merchandise to undercut competitors until heaven rewarded him with the ideal, the miniature set. No one who had observed the growing despondency of the retailers could forget their pathetic joy when the manufacturers presented them with that sterile offspring of the industry. It killed the few solvent dealers who were left, and the manufacturers committed suicide.

It cost just as much to make an individual sale of these trifles, but instead of making a profit of from \$20 to \$50 on each unit of sale the dealer had to be content with from \$2 to \$5. The dealer had been permitted to ruin the radio industry.

It would not surprise me in the least to find foresighted manufacturers handpicking their dealers for television to exclude those without a business sense. For the heedless profit-at-any-price dealer who has falsely assumed that television would have to be sold through his former radio store there is a bleak future. Indeed, unless the apparatus is simplified to an extent beyond its present promise it looks as though the manufacturer will have to sell direct to the customer in order to keep the apparatus sold by the assurance of adequate service.

WHAT SHALL WE TELEWISE?

EVEN if the mechanical difficulties are unexpectedly solved and distribution is stabilized, much remains to be done. There are problems remaining to be faced which exceed in complexity those confronting the engineer. We have fine fool-proof radio sets suited to the

needs of the amateur — almost, but not quite, the pinnacle of engineering achievement — but they do not represent the radio industry. Of what value would these receivers be if the quality and quantity of broadcast programs had not kept pace with technological developments? Some of the perplexity attending the selection of material for television programs can be gauged by the reader if he will list the things which he would *expect* to see if television were a practical reality. For a few weeks, maybe longer, the proud possessor of a television receiving set will be content with seeing and hearing the artists he has only been able to hear through the medium of radio broadcast, but when we think of what television will bring into our homes do you or I restrict our expectations to studio performances? We do not.

Radio has given us a high standard, but television is, justly or unjustly, expected to begin where radio leaves off. It may not be a rational expectation but it is general. As soon as we have recovered from the novelty of seeing an individual performer we shall loudly demand the spectacular, and it is a truism of business that wherever a demand exists some enterprising individual will find a means of satisfying it if there is a profit to reward his effort. The moment alert advertisers realize there is a demand for the transmission of spectacles (and the demand is in existence) they will be ready enough to spend money lavishly to have their names associated with the most recent development of our complex scientific progress or with some high-salaried performer from whose reputation they may catch a little reflected glory. It is human nature to demand, it is modern business to supply. The insane craze for novelty will drive television apparatus to be extended to its utmost capacity.

If we pause to examine our expectations of what television programs should be we ought to be astonished at the extent and the variety we anticipate. Just as radio broadcasting has moved out of the studio so must television. Once we discover that a prize fight or a presidential inauguration is going to be broadcast we shall ask: "Why not televise it?" and televised it will have to be as soon as that is mechanically possible. So far as the public spectacle is concerned there will be little diffi-

culty in meeting this demand; what problems do arise will be matters for the engineers. The site of the television engineer's activity will be where movie camera men and radio engineers are now found. This will probably create a new profession, stage manager of public ceremonies, for public activities of the future will have to be grouped and arranged to make them adjustable to the television pick-up. This may have the effect of introducing a little of the picturesque into our drab public life, for it sadly lacks stage management, and the absence of witnesses will lend the spectacle to better arrangement. I assume that when public ceremonies can be televised fewer people will journey to witness them. The majority of people will prefer to admire at a minimum of expense and while surrounded by all home comforts. This may reduce travel, a horrible prospect for the railroad companies but a joy to the motorist, for traffic jams will be reduced.

A BOMBSHELL WHEN IT COMES

THE MOST serious menace will be directed against every form of amusement and pastime which depends upon revenue derived from admission fees, whether it be a professional prize fight or amateur college football, musical comedy or movies. If the television fans want to see Babe Ruth hit his homers, Sharkey defend his title, or John Barrymore make love to Greta Garbo (and these are the very things expected of television) you may be sure there are men with enterprise enough to find a profitable means of gratifying those desires. It may be argued that the cost of providing such programs is prohibitive. Fifteen years ago did anyone foresee the enormous cost of to-day's radio broadcasts? Could anyone have been made to understand where the money would come from? Once it becomes profitable to install television sets in homes there will be keen rivalry among competing firms of producers to furnish attractive programs. A great deal of money will be required to provide these and where it will come from is one of the unsolved problems of the industry. Leave it alone for the moment and let us look at the reverse of the medal.

It is notorious that the radio broadcasting of prize fights and football had a sad effect upon attendance, diminishing it to the extent

of jeopardizing financial stability. Theatrical producers complain bitterly that broadcasting of plays and the radio appearances of players are injuring theatre attendance. Television will administer the final kick to these expiring pastimes, unless, of course, television producers buy up all the performers. The men who are financially interested in those pastimes will naturally fight back by refusing to permit any televised broadcast of the performances. That will stem the menace for a while until someone acquires a ball club or a theatrical company in order to be the first to satisfy the craving for novelty on the television screen . . . and the race will be on.

The prospect makes one dizzy. The change will not be apparent immediately, it will come imperceptibly, as radio programs have increased in quality and variety, and it will only be controlled by the public demand for novelty.

It may become possible for a firm with a large advertising appropriation (or several in combination) to secure the services of, say, the Yankees and the Giants to play a game for television transmission which will delight everyone who can see it free of charge on the screen in their living room, but such happenings will play the devil with organized baseball because the fans in Chicago, San Francisco, and Washington will stay away from local games to watch the New York game. The logical outcome means bankruptcy for baseball. The same applies to the theater, to concerts, to automobile races, to everything spectacular from which a revenue is derived. It will revolutionize us morally. How will the laws of puritanical Philadelphia have to be amended to prevent the inhabitants from witnessing Sunday baseball played in Philistine New York? Or Pennsylvania in general from extracting joy from the soul-destroying horse-racing televised from Kentucky? Or the whole nation from enjoying a prize fight, pictures of which cannot now be legally transported across state frontiers?

WILL THE ADVERTISERS GRAB IT?

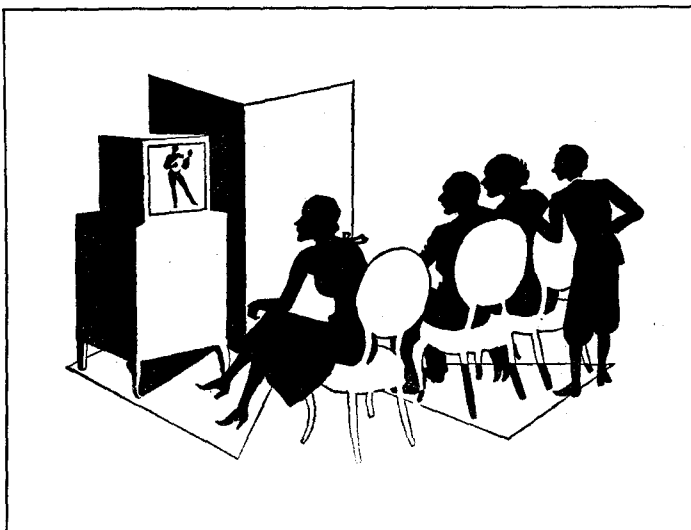
THE QUESTION of cost, which we neatly shelved a few paragraphs back, now crops up again. A remote possibility is that a breed of television producers will arise over the land, buy up all prospective spectacles, and hire

them out as occasion demands. Or Mr. Wrigley may have his baseball team televised in operation, in the interests of his chewing gum, against Colonel Rupert's Yankees protecting the sacred name of beer. Cigarettes and sweets may decide their feud in the prize ring for the edification of television fans. Certainly the idea of visual and pictorial advertising which had to be hounded off the movie screens will invade the home like a pestilence, but it will have to be brightened up to catch the public's interest.

Even if commercial advertising does creep into the television program, as it has in radio broadcasting, the owner of the set may be asked to furnish part of the cost. Sets may be hired and not sold, like telephones, and charges made for the length of time they are in use, or an annual tax may be levied, as radio sets are taxed in England, for the benefit of the broadcasting studios. These schemes would reduce the expense of firms who wished to avail themselves of the facilities of television for advertising, but it will ensure that the abuse of television for commercial purposes is reduced to a minimum and will encourage the provision of entertainment.

THE TELEVISION THEATER

OF COURSE, it is quite possible that television apparatus may prove incapable of simplification within the needs of the inexperienced amateur. Then we shall have no home exhibitions. Instead we shall go to the theater to see televised amusement as we now go to the movie theaters. In this case the domestic art will be less of an industry than home movies now are, because suitable programs will not be as portable as a reel of film. Still, if television can become as big an industry as the movies it will be a big proposition. Nevertheless, it will not help the business situation because it will merely supplant the movie industry. Nor will it ward off the deadly menace to our sports and other professional pastimes. These will have to be owned by producing companies in exactly the same way as the services of actors are now owned by the movie companies. The television theater, when it comes, will not be compelled to limit its programs to the repetition of the same thing half a dozen times a day, like the



movie theater; it can be as varied as a radio program.

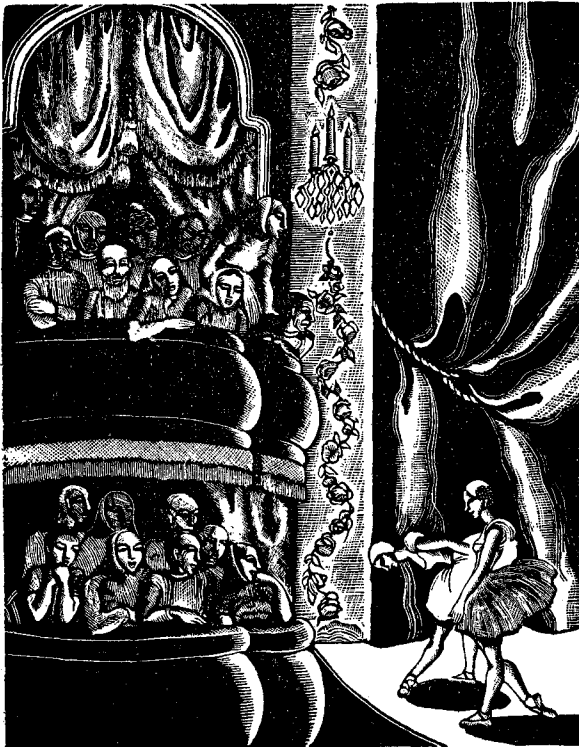
Current events will certainly assume a new importance. Think of the scamper to the television theater when the loud speakers announce that the program now includes a reproduction of the scenes being witnessed in the earthquake which at that moment is shaking California! Everything predictable will have to be sifted carefully to solve its program value so that its display on the screen may be synchronous with its happening. There will remain a few unpredictable incidents, such as the assassination of Hitler, and we cannot devote all our lives to sitting in theaters awaiting them, so the newspapers will be safe for a little while longer. Yet with the menace of improvement in electrical transmission of pictures and typography they had better make their hay now, for their sun may not outshine this present generation.

All these strange things, and many others not foreseen, will arise to confound the new industry unless we can pass a law restraining our voracious demand for something strange and novel and enact a bill limiting enterprise in satisfying that demand. Before television can become an industry those active in it must be prepared to combat a piracy similar to that which disrupted the early movie industry and must overcome many defects in the business side of distribution. When it does come television promises to carry all the potentialities of pandemonium. And it is consoling to know, at least for this reason, that its arrival is by no means imminent.

SOVIET SNAPSHOTS

From the Diary of an American Woman

BY S. KRONMAN



Woodcuts by Ilse Bischoff

Courtesy of the Kennedy Gallery

ONLY those who have visited the Soviet Union can understand what real hospitality means. One Russian woman with whom I made my home was a remarkable person. She offered me a couch in her room, since she was divorced from her husband (who still visited her from time to time), and had two beds, besides the luxury of a couch. And so I stayed there, and was waited on, hand and foot. Money she or any other Russian would not accept; one was forced to bring her things, and these she accepted unwillingly. She washed my clothes, mended everything, even refused to allow me to fix my own couch in the morning. The minute I entered the house, at whatever hour of the day or night it happened to be, she put on the teakettle, set the table as best she could, and set forth her prized jar of preserved fruit for my personal delectation. The milk and butter allotted to her child she in-

sisted on placing before me. Nothing was too good for the stranger.

Her son, a schoolboy of eleven, once so far forgot what he had been taught as to steal from me my white writing paper, some pencils, and an American eraser. The mother, coming across the loot (and it is real loot, for such paper and such marvelous pencils are not seen in Moscow every day) proceeded to give him a good old-fashioned spanking and a lecture in which he was strictly admonished not to handle the private property of others.

She was an intelligent, capable worker, with ideas on love and marriage that would have done credit to any sophisticate. Her home, with its lithograph of Lenin reading the *Pravda* on one wall, Lenin as a baby on another, and be-mustached Karl Marx directly above my couch, boasted an ancient Singer sewing machine, and on this she sewed aprons, shirts, and nightgowns, which she and her son deposited at the factory from which she drew her salary once every five or six days.

She had been madly in love with her husband, and almost insanely jealous. They had had different days of leisure from their factories. One day, coming home unexpectedly on his free day, she found him with another woman. Immediately a battle ensued between the two women, first purely verbal, but then developing into a physical set-to. Beside herself with rage, my friend, in one desperate sally, bit off part of the other woman's nose.

Borne off to court, she was sentenced, as I recall it, to six months' imprisonment. But at that time there was an epidemic of crime of one kind or another, and the battered old prison was inadequate for housing all the persons committed, so she was told to go home to sleep every night, and to report every morning at the prison at a regular hour. In the course of several weeks, however, it became evident to the authorities that the sewing she did on

her machine was her most useful contribution to society, and that this prison business was a waste. Besides which, it was argued, and correctly, she was not a vicious character; the best of us is capable, under propitious circumstances, of a *crime passionel*. And so she was released, and once more she is a happy, industrious citizen.

CAPITALIST FRIPPERY

THE SCARCITY of paper is not only incommoding, it is pathetic; but sometimes the shortage is a source of amusing incidents. Through rare good fortune I had maneuvered to have brought to me from Germany a flat package of excellent toilet paper. That, along with a can of salmon, a can of pork and beans, and other luxuries which had been likewise donated to me from abroad, I deposited on a table in a conspicuous place in my erstwhile home. An ardent young Communist, coming in to visit us, spied my booty. He was especially interested in the paper, picked it up, and examined it thoroughly. "You Americans!" he exclaimed, "Always with such good things. I suppose this is paper for cigarettes." Carefully, in my choicest Russian, I tried to explain to him what it was. Boris was disgusted at my revelation. "Just like you bourgeoisie," he stormed, "using such wonderful paper for such filthy purposes!"

SPEND! SPEND!

WHAT amazes me in the Soviet theater, almost as much as the superb spectacles themselves, is the absolute insouciance with which people spend money there. Reckless extravagance with rubles is the rule outside, too, but in the theater the prodigality with which money is flung about is a subject for despair to us thrifty ones. There is very little to buy on the whole, and since the worker has no fear of unemployment or distress in old age, he does not need to save his rubles, and so he might as well buy whatever he can, and enjoy the fleeting moment. The intermissions seem purposely long, so that we can brace ourselves for the succeeding scenes with plenty of tea and cake and apples and chocolate, even if we do lay out the equivalent of five or more dollars for them. If we work we have no dentists' bills to worry about, no possible operations,

no contemplated foreign voyages, or any other little deterrents to reckless spending, and so we use money for any passing whim which may make the moment more enjoyable. My friend Sonia, a clever young chemist who is soon to leave for work in the far Urals, needs winter underwear badly and she can't find any to buy, so she comforts herself by spending her never-failing rubles in abundance on all sorts of food and knick-knacks.

GOD OF THEIR FATHERS

NOT FIVE minutes from Red Square, we see vividly colored lights from within a little church, and hear solemn music. It is Saturday night, and Saturday night is, within, set apart for the worship of the faithful. The exciting new order of things is almost forgotten here in this gemlike interior, crowded with worshipers, a few onlookers, and undoubtedly a sprinkling of the G. P. U.

From without, the church is elaborately garish with its cupolas and heavy ornamentation, and inside the splendor is even more pronounced; the walls are everywhere encrusted with gold and layers of brilliant enamel. Icons everywhere, precious Byzantine images; and candles shed a mellow light over the glittering walls. A woman in a shawl is sadly chanting, and whenever God is mentioned there is a profusion of crossings and bendings; tapers are being lighted, clear sopranos and deep basses in the choir sing responses, and the priest, in a shabby but still gorgeous robe of gold and silver brocade and embroidery, delivers himself of a mild sermon.

The collection is woefully meager — a few coppers and small nickel coins, not a single ruble on any of the five plates. In the audience one can discern a few fine, intelligent faces, probably of the old nobility and intelligentsia, Whites who have been stranded in their own country; but most of the believers are middle-aged, shawl-wrapped women who cling desperately to the God of their fathers for comfort. There is only a sprinkling of children and young people, who, growing up in an atmosphere antagonistic to formal religion, do not seem to take to heart too bitterly the experience of having their faith wrested from them, as do their pious elders. Food for reflection on propaganda, that church and its communicants!

“THAT WONDERFUL AMERICA!”

THE FRIENDLINESS of the Russians I encounter is amazing and heartening, after the pursed lips and blank stares one is accustomed to elsewhere. Even customs officials, generally not the pleasantest of human beings, behave with exemplary courtesy, wish us a pleasant voyage when we enter the Soviet Union, and send us off with a *bon voyage*. On tramways and on the street, my raccoon coat is the subject of vocal approbation on the part of utter strangers. Shawled old ladies, their eyes crinkled up in friendly greeting, ask the name of the fur, and of course understand fully why it is so beautiful; it comes from that wonderful America! Their lack of resentment at our luxuries is no less amazing. As I come forth from Torgsin, the store where only foreign currency or gold and silver are acceptable, a lady and her daughter ask me whether there are shoes to be bought there. (They are not permitted to enter, and beard me outside the door.) Yes, I tell them, and I mention the price, which is unbelievably low to them. “Isn’t that fine!” they comment; and one knows now that something remarkable and encouraging for the rest of us must take place eventually in a country where there is such wonderful good will, such patience and forbearance.

It is this same patience and forbearance, applied to everything that happens, which is the despair of most visitors. Time evidently has no relation to anything else; the hours one stands in queues trying to get everything conceivable are sometimes grumbled at, but the queue-standing is tolerated as it would never be tolerated in the States or elsewhere; that must be their Oriental heritage.

Not that the slogans thrust about everywhere are not trying to make people conscious of a world where time does count. The lack of advertisements is more than compensated for by the number of placards and mottoes one cannot escape. One’s inkwell, even, bears the legend: “Workers of the World, Unite!” And on boxes of tooth powder one reads: “For culture! For the new life!”

RED GAYETY

THIS EVENING we are off to a party. There are about thirty-five of us present. As

guest of honor, I wear my pretty gold-colored silk dress, which is the subject of much approbatory critical appraisal by both men and women. (Someone asks me if I would lend it to a motion picture studio. The director is shooting a scene of a depraved continental café and needs pretty silk dresses.) Of course the tea-kettle is put on the moment I arrive, for without food there cannot be a party. Besides tea, there is vodka and a nice winey brandy. There is a general food shortage which everyone talks about, but that does not deter us from consuming vast quantities of salami, pickled fish, tomatoes, a salad of beets, potatoes, and onions, and various kinds of indifferent cake and candy. After the usual interrogations about America, we sing songs, rollicking ones. This apartment is up six flights, in what had once been a very handsome house, with wrought iron railings on the staircase. There is an ancient lift, but it does not work, and is encrusted with dirt and aged newspapers. This place has not so offensive an odor as some of the other quarters I have visited, but what with primuses, windows puttied up for the winter, and a heart-rending lack of hot water and good soap, we hold our noses and are hopeful of better days to come.

LIFE IS NOT ALWAYS DRAB

LIFE IS not altogether drab everywhere. I have just come from dinner at the apartment of a medical officer in the Red Army. From the outside the house, unpainted, looks dingy, but within it is fairly clean and odorless. I have not seen the communal kitchen, and the toilet leaves much to be desired (there is no bathroom), but the two rooms which this man and his wife have assigned to them are very comfortably proportioned, with tastefully arranged furniture. There is an attractive divan upholstered in good linen, the table is spread with a rose damask cloth, the silver and dishes are good, and there are plants at the window. In the other room is a graceful desk, fitted with really elegant appointments, and accompanied by a splendid Chippendale chair. Madame has a smart dressing table covered with feminine knick-knacks, and the good-looking twin beds are adorned with lace coverlets. There is a telephone and altogether a sense of ease and comfort.

Our dinner is excellent — an *bors d'oeuvre* of chopped fish, a soup accompanied by *pirojki* (fried cakes with a chopped meat filling), meat loaf and potato, and cognac too; and for dessert some kind of starch pudding covered with a sort of cranberry sauce much esteemed here, but which cannot approach ours. Madame as usual admires excessively my old, *démodé* black satin dress and amber beads; she is really a misplaced bourgeoisie, and the ideology of the revolution has failed to touch her. My host and my escort play chess until nine, when we have to leave for another house, and another party.

Here we must eat again, of course; very palatable stuffed fish, and grapes and cake and candy and wine. This building is most disreputable looking within and without, with the usual smelly courtyard; but the apartment itself shows traces of former affluence; gilt-topped mirrors, a long buffet, couches, pictures; and the silver and glassware must have been gleaned from a former highly conventional existence. The electricity refuses to function, so we have very pleasant candlelight, which is, of course, disparaged. Again we sing — perfectly grand, whole-hearted songs: old ones, new ones, and revolutionary ones dating from 1905.

The brother of the medical man lives in Moscow, and is a high government official. He and his pretty young wife (the percentage of happy marriages should amaze no one who rightly appraises the psychological consequences of easy divorce) live in the usual one-room apartment, but it is comfortably furnished, and they have a good library, of Russian and foreign classics, in one corner. The fact that the bed is modestly hidden behind a screen, instead of occupying a prominent place in the open, indicates that this couple has been touched by extra-Russian cultural influences. Moreover, there is gas in the kitchen, and a tile-floored toilet and bathroom where one can light a gas heater and actually procure hot water. One of my dinners there, served on good china, with plenty of heavy silver, and with linen napkins as accompaniment, ran along this way: first we consumed a big plate of herring, sturgeon, spiced anchovies, and liver paté; then we had chicken soup with dumplings; next came roast chicken, browned potatoes, and delicious raw sauerkraut brimful of those vitamins of ours; and we brought the repast to

a regretted end with baked apples, cookies, tea, and candies. This couple is ardently enthusiastic over Communism, but both of them have nothing in common certainly with those types who make a fetish of asceticism, plainness, and bad manners.

THE COST OF LIVING

MY DAYS run along in pleasant monotony now. This morning our domestic worker (she is a big-boned peasant girl, but no one calls her a servant nowadays) washed my silk underthings, rubbing them caressingly with the fine white soap from America; and while they are drying beside my couch, I shall mend things and hate myself for wasting so many precious moments. For breakfast I have that rare delicacy, an egg, a quantity of fried potatoes which I mop up with plenty of bread, and three glasses of very weak tea.

Out of the window I watch a funeral procession: there is a plain pine box on a sledge, and behind it are a few scattered mourners dragging themselves along to a march played by a melancholy band. The snow seems thicker here in Russia than elsewhere, and it effectively clothes the streets with a mask of beauty. I drink more tea to get the chill out of my bones, and help myself liberally to the yellow granulated sugar; the lump kind comes in big rocks which must be broken with a kind of pincers. I notice, too, from my window, that the average stature of the men seems to be less than at home, and the average breadth of the women considerably greater.

One of the younger girls shows me a pair of silk stockings she managed to purchase, very shoddy and sleazy, and they cost fifteen rubles. They cause her happiness, so what matter? I ask my companions questions; they tell me that the rental of their two large rooms is about 35 rubles a month, and electricity about 3. The water is thrown in gratis, they add delightedly. They heat the place, when they can, themselves, in the huge tile stoves which adorn the corners of the rooms. Tea is more than one ruble for a quantity which would cost us about 10 cents. The meat allotment of the boys, who are workers, amounts to about 2 rubles, and when stretched a bit will do for soup and main course for about three dinners. Butter they buy on their cards once a month; they are allotted

something over a kilo for about 4 rubles, and they must buy it all at once. Only the boys receive the meat; the girls, being white-collar workers, must do without, buy it in the open market, or depend on their brothers' bounty. With their spare rubles, since they all work, they manage to buy extra delicacies now and then, eggs, honey, geese; and their mother, who lives in the provinces, preserves a few jars of berries for them in the summertime.

A RUSSIAN TURKISH BATH

EKATERINA, our domestic worker, which is to say that for almost no money at all she cooks, cleans, mends, and does the marketing (a very considerable item, which entails hours and hours of queue-standing), escorts me this morning to the neighborhood bathhouse. She is a smiling, heavy-set peasant girl, with beautifully rosy cheeks, the bones of which almost touch her eyes; and in the coldest days of winter she takes off her high felt boots, and, barefoot, proceeds to clean the floors: she takes a mouthful of water and blows it out onto the boards to settle the dust. Her bed consists of two planks supported on either end by a chair.

This morning we go first-class to the bathhouse, out of compliment to my foreignness, for seventy-five kopeks apiece. First of all we undress and put away our things in the lockers of a cold outer room. We run into the main part of the house, where there is a nice warm shower in one corner. My handmaiden obligingly scrubs my back and washes my hair in the big steamy main room. This is immense, with long rows of scrubbed wooden benches running down the middle, and with a stone floor which slopes toward the corners. Ranged along the walls are faucets for hot and cold water. We pick up tin receptacles resembling dishpans, fill them with the proper mixture of hot and cold, and repeat this process indefinitely. Into one of these pans we step, so that our feet may soak clean. The other serves to wash our hair, and then the various parts of our anatomy. Whenever the water therein becomes too soapy, or dirty, or both, we nonchalantly fling it upon the hot stone floor, and it seeps down through the slanting corners.

We walk about gayly emptying and filling our pans until we are thoroughly clean, and I notice that some of the women have stayed

here for a long time, washing themselves over and over, and resting in between times; it doesn't cost any more. As for the shapes, the scene fairly cries for a Rubens. There are benches on which to rest, and a book would make this steamy place a paradise on a dreary afternoon. In the outer room, apples, lemonade, and cake are being sold to sustain these people during the hours they are at their ablutions; and a whole group of women are sitting about unconcernedly smoking after these liberal applications of hot water. We have brought along vast quantities of clothing and shawls and scarfs and winter underwear against the biting cold of outdoors, and once home we must climb into bed, or at least not stir out-of-doors for the remainder of the day. Russians consider bathing a serious matter, and scrubbings nothing to be trifled with.

THE WORLD-WIDE REVOLUTION

I COME home exhausted from a trip downtown, and since only my hostess's small son is in, my Lithuanian neighbors welcome me into their room, feeling that proper hospitality demands that I never be left without company. They treat me to some very tasty Asiatic melon and a few glasses of tea; I offer them candy in return and then we have the usual conversation — my America and their Soviet Union, things here, things there. They have been in Moscow since 1922, have suffered privations hitherto undreamed of by us spoiled outlanders, and, as simple souls reading their *Pravda* every day, they expect the outburst of a world revolution at every moment, a revolution which will everywhere repeat the horrors of the Russian experience. They wonder at my temerity in remaining abroad; I shall probably be stranded in Europe, far from friends and relatives, because of the imminence of war. That any milder form of turnover might possibly happen in countries already industrialized and able to cope with war-time emergencies does not occur to them.

I decide to go out for a while. . . . Striding by me is a wrinkled old woman in a dirty brown shawl, and high boots, nonchalantly puffing away at a cigarette. I walk farther into the heart of the section, with its decaying palaces and parks — a real Russian picture-book landscape in the cold, bright sunlight of a

dying autumnal day. The bright green and blue mansions of the former gentry are uniformly surrounded by high stone walls, so thick that they leave only a narrow sidewalk for the commoners. The modern edifices are architecturally pleasing to eyes accustomed to our own set-back towers, but already, though they are none of them more than a few years old, they look grimy and unkempt, like the expensive dresses of a careless lady. The occupants have yet to learn to give houses personal attention.

The little Jewish girl from the other side of us comes in when I return and talks to me of America, and how dearly she would love to go there, where she might wear silk frocks to her heart's content.

HOUSING CONDITIONS

A FRIEND of mine makes his home in a new house, where the water runs hot every five days, where the bathroom is adequate, but where cooking is done on the same heart-rending primuses. (The average Russian would blow out the gas instead of turning it off, which explains that.) The factory at which he works built the house, so that his entire life seems to be centered around his trust. Everyone, from the director down to the lowliest hand, is interested in having the institution show a profit, for if it does not, the difference between running expenses and losses is deducted proportionately from all their pockets. For some time past there have been continual deductions. All of them are not for decreased or disappearing profits, however. The house must be kept up, loans made to the government, and so on. On the other hand, it is true, though perhaps not in this particular case, that from time to time there is sabotage on the part of the directors. A good proportion of these technically equipped experts who alone are capable of directing large enterprises were formerly wealthy bourgeois, and haven't reconciled themselves to the Soviet régime; and apathy is as bad as active wreckage. The trusts carry on speculation among themselves, too, and occasionally one learns that one trust has taken over a building



erected by another to house its workers. One of the queer results of the Soviet Union's tremendous expansion plans is the fact that although the Communists fight desperately against counter-revolution within their factories, there is such a dearth of trained Russians that even known White sympathizers are reinstated to their positions after having been caught at some form of sabotage.

CHEATING THE SYSTEM

DR. K. is a self-assured physician of the old school whose manner and outlook are in the best European tradition. Before the revolution he was the owner of a large five-story apartment house, on the ground floor of which he had installed a private clinic. Now he has been given five rooms in that same house, works in hospitals for the state, and carries on a private practice on the side. His consulting room boasts an impressive medical library, a profusion of leather-covered furniture, and a general air of opulence hitherto unobserved by me in the entire city of Moscow. One goes to him, gets treatment, and before leaving, nonchalantly tosses a three- or five-ruble note on the table; the doctor is not supposed to notice this pecuniary angle, so distasteful to any true follower of Esculapius. He picks the money up and puts it in his pocket without comment.

Dr. K.'s wife is an opera singer, and the couple is certainly outwardly bourgeois. They keep two servants, and enjoy the pleasures of life so keenly that they are willing to forego spaciousness to enhance those pleasures whenever possible. For this reason they rent out one

of their nice rooms. However, they will rent it only to a foreigner, a specialist preferably of German origin (for they speak German), and he must be a single man whose appetite is not too large. The single German naturally has permission to purchase at a special store where food and allotments of food are copious, where meat and other delicacies are procurable. Of course the single German cannot possibly eat all the things rationed to him, and whatever is left over on his books goes to the doctor and his ménage; the doctor, being a white-collar man, does not get meat. This system of things certainly has developed in Dr. K. an ingenuity and machiavellianism foreign to him previously.

FREE MEDICAL SERVICE

I CANNOT tolerate the stuffy street cars jammed with struggling, smelly individuals. Thick coats of ice cover the window-panes, so that getting off at the right stop becomes a matter for intuition. And so, when there are only a few miles to be covered, I walk, with the temperature at 35 below zero. The Moscow cold is dry, bracing, but treacherous, and in consequence I develop a bad case of frost-bitten knees. The company doctor comes to visit someone else in our apartment, and attends to my knees likewise. He writes out a prescription, which bears a red stamp in one corner, and refuses to accept the few rubles I offer him.

At the apothecary's the pretty young pharmacist is willing to give me my medicine, but where is my bottle? I have none, alas, but she sees that I am a foreigner, has compassion, and hunts up a bottle somewhere. "But be sure and return it when you've finished," she admonishes me. I ask the price. "But nothing, naturally." It dawns on me that I am the unwitting recipient of the free medical attention intended for all workers.

THE MALCONTENTS

I HAVE just come from a visit to Sophie Grigorevna's. She and her husband are members of the old aristocracy, friends of the highest and purest intelligentsia, of notable literary families. She herself was trained in the boarding schools of Switzerland and France, speaks excellent French, German, and English, and plays the piano in an accomplished manner.

But she and her circle, unfortunate enough

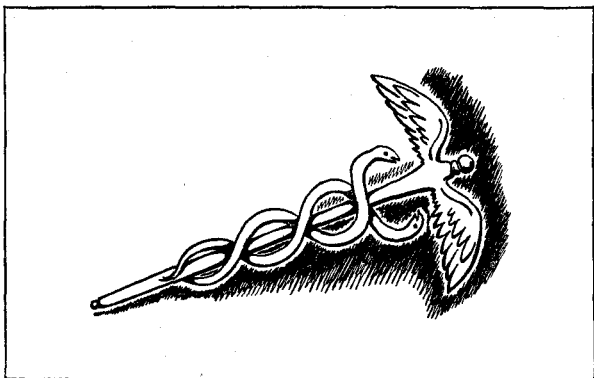
to be caught under this new régime, hate it and thwart it as best they can. She still believes that work is disgraceful, and will commit any disgrace herself in order to avoid it. With her accomplishments, she would be a valuable worker almost anywhere, but she prefers the pittance which her relatives, émigrés abroad, send to her, rather than indulgence in honest labor. She and her husband and her young son, whom she will not allow to be contaminated, as she phrases it, by contact with Young Pioneers and such barbarians, live in one room which is disreputable beyond words. The husband lies ill on a cot covered with filthy rags; and the small room is piled high with junk and débris of every description. Clothes and odds and ends litter the floor, the bed is dirty and unmade, the piano is covered deep with every sort of receptacle and cloth, and dishes long unwashed and remnants of food clutter the table. Everything is confusion and ugliness. The boy sits at the table among the broken victuals reading a book and sniffing; the woman herself, with wild hair straying beyond the hairpins, wears a dragging skirt and a torn blouse full of smudges.

My companion offers her some work tutoring newcomers in the Russian language, and she says she will be over later to give her decision.

She does appear, bringing her precious young son, whose lack-luster eyes bespeak a total lack of that interest and enthusiasm which one admires in the average young Soviet citizen of to-day. His mother is bringing him up to disdain work, and certainly he will not have the means to cultivate his problematical intellect; there he is, living in a region where work is god. Sophie Grigorevna finally tells us that she cannot undertake the work so kindly offered because it would not leave her free to devote time to her child and wash his clothes. She spends two hours explaining away her evident repugnance to work — while she might actually be accomplishing something, and earning enough to keep herself in common decency and hire a maid to look after her son. One finds it hard to sympathize with a philosophy which considers work undignified; it was this philosophy which held most of the better-born Russians in the old days, and which makes them hangers-on as émigrés elsewhere to-day. It is a reaction to this aristocratic way of life which probably exalts work for the Communists.

WHY STATE MEDICINE IS NECESSARY

BY EDGAR SYDENSTRICKER



ONE of the more ridiculous anomalies of the economic system which we call "American" has been brought to light in the recent reports of the committees on the costs of medical care and on medical education. This particular anomaly may be stated baldly thus:

There are about enough doctors, nurses, and others who render or assist in rendering medical services — about a million persons all told — to take care of all sicknesses and do nearly all the preventive work for individual patients that we now know how to do. There is being spent annually by the American people enough money — about three and a half billion dollars — for doctors, nurses, medicines, and all sorts of medical services, good and bad — to purchase reasonably adequate medical care at current average prices. Yet in a year's time — even in a prosperous era — thousands upon thousands of families cannot afford to obtain any medical care; millions upon millions of cases of sickness which ought to have medical attention are unattended; less than seven per cent of the population have even a partial physical examination and less than five per cent are immunized against some disease; much preventable sickness occurs and the death rate among adults of middle age is increasing. Although medical science is still far from having solved all the mysteries of ill

health, only a little of the knowledge already gained is applied to *all* the people needing it. A large proportion of doctors and others who apply this knowledge do not receive an adequate or even a decent living income and, with a deep sense of social duty, render much medical service without any pay.

This, it is being recognized more clearly than ever before, is not only a ridiculous anomaly but a shameful situation in which to find ourselves. Of course since 1929 we have grown somewhat accustomed to being ridiculous although unashamed. Nevertheless, according to a well established American belief, it is bad business if one doesn't get paid for what he sells, or doesn't get what he has bought and paid for. According to all canons of social well-being, of sound national policy, and of human justice, something is seriously wrong. It has been wrong a long time, for this situation existed even in our days of riotous prosperity.

The inner nature of this anomalous situation of medical care in the United States may be understood better from "case studies" than from statistical tables. Limitations upon space preclude a consideration of many cases, but perhaps only a sample is needed. The case presented here is very common, very trite, and altogether lacking in news interest. It must be all of these things if it is to be typical. Furthermore it is an actual case in a smallish city. I touch only upon enough of the happenings to bring a familiar story to the minds of all who read this.

When the family physician's diagnosis of John Smith's pain as appendicitis was confirmed by the consulting surgeon, and John was rushed off to the hospital, the family sighed in brief relief that it was no worse. The customary assurances were given. "Everything will be all right, and he is in splendid shape." "But spare no expense," insisted Mary, the wife. A tense period of waiting followed, for it

seems John was caught just in time. Flowers, visits to the hospital, cheery nurses, the surgeon's comments on a beautiful operation, promises that John would be home probably within a fortnight, a feeling of deep gratitude — "Thank God it is all over, and he is well rid of a damn nuisance" (that evolution neglected to remove some æons ago).

Then the bills.

Six dollars a day for the private room (Mary's idea), laboratory fees, operating room charges, a special nurse for the first day and night. The surgeon had a quiet talk with the convalescent about finances: "My usual fee for this operation is \$250 but . . ." He was awfully decent about it. The whole business won't cost over \$300.

John did not have \$300 in cash. As a matter of fact, his bank balance when he was rushed to the hospital was \$44.24. His salary is \$2400, and his family's annual expenses \$2310 in spite of much budgeting. He has no house to mortgage, and his insurance policy already had been borrowed upon to pay for John, Jr.'s advent into the world. The new emergency was partially met by getting a salary advance to pay hospital and nursing charges. The family physician and the surgeon must wait.

Now John is among those of our middle class who receive adequate care under our system of medical service. His family doctor is an independent entrepreneur. So is the surgeon. Both live on fees from their private practice and are connected with the hospital, members of a loosely-knit medical "group" which avails itself of the facilities there. The hospital was built at public expense and shows a deficit at the end of almost every year. These two physicians strictly observe the ethics of their profession and are competent private practitioners. Both give a considerable amount of free service in the hospital's clinics, do a good deal of "charity" practice outside, charge low fees to some patients, and fail to get paid at all by others. In fact, only a few of their patients pay their fees promptly and in full. The physician's net income in 1928 was \$3100 and the surgeon's was \$5600.

POOR PATIENTS — UNDERPAID DOCTORS

LET US put this case history into the statistical picture afforded by the experience of

thousands of families. Not all of them involve appendectomies; some are cases of pneumonia, bronchitis, tonsillitis, gall stones, influenza, cancer, intestinal "upsets," and so on down the list of human morbidities. Not all of the families are as well off as John's. In fact his position in the economic scale of the population of the United States can be seen at a glance at the following figures:

<i>Family income class</i>	<i>Per cent of families in each income class</i>
Under \$1200	15.0
\$1200 — \$2000	34.8
\$2000 — \$3000	24.6
\$3000 — \$5000	15.7
\$5000 — \$10,000	7.0
\$10,000 or more	2.9

This was the economic scale in 1928 — near the peak of our wildest financial dreams. The average family had charges for medical care which amounted to \$108 in a year and which included not only the occasional "high cost illnesses" but also the costs of frequent and relatively inexpensive illnesses and medical needs — a not unreasonable price to pay for the medical care of a family of four. Families with less than the average income, however, cannot afford to pay this \$108. Let us combine the figures given above with some more, as follows:

<i>Family income class</i>	<i>Per cent of families in each income class</i>	<i>Average annual charges for medical care</i>
Under \$1200	15.0	\$49
\$1200 — \$2000	34.8	67
\$2000 — \$3000	24.6	95
\$3000 — \$5000	15.7	138
\$5000 — \$10,000	7.0	249
\$10,000 or more	2.9	503

Now sickness falls somewhat more frequently and just as unexpectedly upon the poor as upon the well-to-do. Over half of the population gets sick once or more times in a year and the average family has nearly four cases of illness in a year. Yet the average family in the low income class — with less than \$100 a month — can actually afford to incur less than \$50 a year for medical care as against \$138 in the \$3000-\$5000 class, for example. If they were paupers they would stand a better chance because the public would foot their bills.

The obvious conclusion from these statistics is that the great majority of American families do not get nearly the medical care they need

WHY STATE MEDICINE IS NECESSARY

because they cannot afford to pay for medical care *when they need it*.

Let us look at the picture from the doctor's point of view.

Such facts as are available show that in 1929 one-third of all physicians had net incomes of less than \$2500 and one-half less than \$3800. If we graded physicians in income intervals of \$1000, more physicians would be found in the \$1000-\$2000 class than in any other. And this was in 1929! Of course there were some with incomes of \$10,000 or more and a few with \$15,000 or more, but we are speaking of the ordinary doctors, in ordinary cities, towns, and country districts.

The obvious conclusion from these facts is that the doctors are not getting rich. That is putting it far too mildly, however. When we consider the investment in the doctor's training and his responsibility, the inescapable conclusion is that *most medical care actually rendered is not being adequately paid for*.

The underlying reasons for this situation may be fairly summed up in a brief statement of three facts, all of which are involved in the case of John Smith as well as in the statistics:

1. Medical care for nearly all of our population, under the economic system which we have developed, is a service to be bought when needed. This means that most medical care is produced as an economic "good," has a price, and must be paid for in the market. Four-fifths of the producers are not salaried employees or wage earners; on the contrary they are professionally and expensively trained entrepreneurs who, within certain self-imposed "ethical" limitations, are engaged in business for profit. The greatest opportunity for profit, under existing conditions, is afforded by well-to-do purchasers and the competition for profit is active. The business is not profitable except to a few, because of the high cost of maintaining many competitive enterprises and because of two other conditions, namely:

2. Although fairly accurate predictions can be made as to when and how much of this service is needed by the people in mass, the incidence of sickness in any individual family during a given period of time cannot be foreseen. This means that medical care, especially the most costly care, is a service to be purchased by the individual family in emergencies.

3. Under the American economic system the distribution of purchasing power is so unequal that even in most prosperous years, and even if foresight and thrift were common characteristics of human beings, a very great majority of the individual families is unable to provide against these emergency needs for medical service.

The economic problem to be solved in the socially essential task of providing medical care to all of the people, thus narrows down to that of adequate payment of those who render reasonably efficient service under an economic system that postulates a grossly unequal distribution, in the population, of ability to pay.

This was the problem to which the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care addressed itself some five years ago. Composed of about fifty public-spirited men and women representing medical service, public health, various institutions, social sciences, and the public, with Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur as chairman, and supported by several foundations, the Committee undertook first a series of inquiries into different phases of medical care and various methods of providing medical care in the United States. The reports upon these studies constitute a valuable library on the subject, probably well worth the three-quarters of a million dollars appropriated to the Committee. That the Committee fully recognized the nature of the economic problem there can be no doubt. "No one fact," it said in its report, "is more clearly demonstrated by the Committee's studies than this one: that the costs of medical care in any one year fall very unevenly upon different families in the same income and population groups. The heart of the problem, therefore, is the equalizing of the financial impact of sickness." In setting up what is called "a satisfactory medical program," the report contained this admirable statement:

If adequate services are available but can be obtained only on financial terms which a large number of persons cannot or will not meet, the problem is not solved. Most communities, in officially assuming at least a theoretical responsibility for the care of indigents, have already taken the position that no human being should be allowed to suffer, on account of poverty, from remediable illness or distress. Our present system, however, on the one hand lays an unjustifiable burden of unpaid service upon the physician and the hospital and, on the other hand, fre-

quently gives the individual of the middle economic level only a choice between becoming a recipient of charity or foregoing needed medical care. A satisfactory program should make it possible for a large proportion of the total population to pay in full whatever may be charged for needed medical service, on terms which are reasonable and which fully preserve self-respect. The cost of care for those who cannot pay should be distributed, according to ability to pay, over the rest of the community.

When the Committee had to face the necessity of proposing a solution, however, it was found that the widely divergent views of its members could not be reconciled. Its final report appeared in November, 1932, peppered with exceptions and objections and accompanied by two dissenting statements and two minority reports. It contained five principal recommendations which may be summarized briefly as follows: (1) Further local "group" organization of physicians, dentists, nurses, pharmacists, *etc.*, preferably around hospitals in the form of community medical centers, or in industrial medical services, or in private group clinics, or in pay clinics, or in county medical society clinics; (2) Further extension of all basic public health services; (3) Placing the costs of medical care on a "group payment basis through the use of insurance, through the use of taxation, or through the use of both"; (4) Formation of agencies by states and local communities for the study, evaluation, and co-ordination of medical services; (5) Better educational facilities for health officers, dentists, pharmacists, mid-wives, and other personnel.

Thus the Committee apparently was more concerned with improvement in the quality of medical care than with the heart of the problem, the consideration and possible solution of which was the primary purpose of its work. Improvement in medical care is of course highly important but the pressing problem is making what medical care we now have available to all the people. For the solution of this, the Committee went no further than to propose an experimental development of various forms of local community facilities for medical care through the further organization of group medical practice with local, state, and federal financial aid where necessary, possibly supplemented by voluntary health insurance among "organized groups of consumers" if any such groups should desire it.*

No definite, comprehensive, nation-wide, or even state-wide plan emerged from this five years of study and deliberation. The American nation was advised to wait until the thousands of its communities would be sufficiently aroused to solve their own local problems. The buck was passed, in effect, to social evolution.

A PROGRAM OF STATE MEDICINE

THE SITUATION is one that calls for a definite program of action upon a large scale, especially in a period when the ill effects of industrial and agricultural maladjustments upon the health of many will be manifested. We are not dealing with a matter of minor importance. Nothing less is at stake than the public health itself which, as Disraeli said many years ago, "is the foundation upon which rest the happiness of the people and welfare of the state." The end of any effective attempt to solve the problem before us should be nothing less than to make it possible for every person to obtain such medical care as we now know how to render. This medical care should be provided and must be paid for.

If I were to outline even roughly such a program, I would say that its scope should not be less than state-wide, although its development in some localities may be slower than in others; that all kinds of medical care, at home or in institutions, should be provided; and that those who receive this care should include not merely those who are employed but *all* persons and their families having incomes below an amount sufficient to purchase medical services in any contingency. We should go beyond the health insurance systems of Great Britain and Europe which provide financial assistance, and in some instances medical care also, to employed individuals only, and we should go further than to provide public medical service for infants, children, and mothers, or for tuberculosis and mental diseases. In such a program the maintenance of the physician's profes-

* Against the form of local "socialization" of medicine proposed, representatives of organized medicine on the Committee vigorously registered their dissent. Although not convinced that insurance was a good method of equalizing the impact of sickness, they pointed out that "if we adopt in this country either of the methods tried out in Europe, the sensible and logical plan would be to adopt the method to which European countries have come through experience, that is, a compulsory plan under governmental control." Some of the members signing the majority report expressed themselves as in favor of state-wide compulsory health insurance for certain population groups.

sional freedom is of cardinal importance; adequate remuneration of all who render medical service is necessary; and the promotion of higher quality of medical care, the professional administration of professional personnel and activities, the maintenance of the private relationship between physician and patient, and the patient's free choice of physician are obviously essential.

The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care came to the conclusion, quite rightly, that the costs of medical care should be placed on a "group payment basis through the use of insurance, through the use of taxation, or through the use of both." Insurance is a well-established procedure of distributing costs; taxation for maintenance of health is in accord with the thoroughly well-recognized principle, so succinctly expressed by Dr. William H. Welch, the beloved dean of American medicine, that "there is no more important function of government than the prevention of disease, the protection of the health of the people."

Yet, strangely enough, the terms "state medicine" and "compulsory health insurance" incite some to unreasoning fury. In facing a problem which concerns the health and happiness of the entire population, it is perhaps not impertinent to suggest that the time has come when we should cease to listen to any except those who are willing to think about the matter dispassionately, and, it might be added, unselfishly. For no one, unless he is hopelessly timorous or narrow-minded, should refuse to consider, frankly and without prejudice, any procedure, no matter how radical it may seem at first glance, which can be utilized in dealing with a social problem.

The distribution of the costs of medical care among that moiety of the population which is able, or partially able, to pay but cannot meet emergencies is clearly a situation to which the well-established methods of insurance ought to be applied by the government as sound business procedure. All experience points to the desirability of the compulsory form of insurance as well as to public control of its administration, including the collection of the insurance premiums. But the compulsory health insurance can only be a partial solution for several reasons. One is that the proportion of our population which is indigent or which is on

an economic level so low as to preclude the payment of all of the insurance premiums, obviously cannot be provided for by the insurance method; this proportion varies greatly with the ebb and flow of "prosperity." Another reason is that there are many rural areas in which not only many of the population are unable to pay insurance premiums but medical personnel and facilities are seriously lacking.

Furthermore, there are certain types of sickness for which the insurance method is not easily applicable. Communicable diseases, for example, properly are a menace to the public and their prevention as well as care properly constitute a public function. Tuberculosis, cancer, orthopedic defects, syphilis, are matters not only for public concern but require expensive treatment far beyond the ability of the ordinary individual to meet or a strictly insurance system to provide for. Hence, recourse must be had to public sharing through taxation of some of the costs. In fact, taxation is already being relied upon more or less generally to meet (a) all of the costs of medical care of the indigent and of residents of communities where private facilities and personnel are not available; (b) most of the costs of more expensive services rendered to the low-income classes; and (c) the costs of highly specialized treatments for certain types of cases and of preventive care against certain diseases. It is safe to predict that in the coming period of economic readjustment, these types of public medical service will be developed to an increasing extent. It is the logical solution of these particular problems, whether some of us like it or not.

Public medical service along these lines and compulsory insurance against the costs of other medical care are to be regarded as complementary parts of a state-wide system of paying for medical care. The rendering of medical services obviously must be done by physicians according to standards and in ways deemed by them to be most satisfactory and efficient, but the medical, nursing, and dental professions will fail in their duty unless they coöperate in developing a program whereby all of the population can be served and a situation be more adequately met — a situation which, to reiterate, is a ridiculous economic anomaly as well as a menace to public welfare.

A NEW NURSE

A Short Story

BY LYTTLETON FOX, JR.



Drawings by Dorothy McKay

WHITTLESEY had been lying down since lunch. It was his nap. Alice in the next bed was asleep. As far as he could remember he had never slept during his nap, but he had to go to bed anyway every afternoon because children were all tired out after lunch. Hannah pulled down the shades but the room didn't get very dark. Once he had gotten up and brought a book of animal pictures back to bed, but Hannah came in unexpectedly, smacked him with it, and took it away. After that she always removed all the important toys before she left, and there was nothing to do but think. He often worried about his name. Other boys had regular names like Tommy and Jimmy and Fred. Why did he have to be called Whittlesey? It was a disadvantage to start with. Sometimes his ears were caught by an organ grinder or a loud, unaccountable noise on the street. Trolley cars went by on Lexington Avenue, but he was so used to the sound he didn't hear them.

Presently he heard Hannah at the door and had the daily intoxication of relief that the nap was over. He pretended to be asleep. Her

footsteps always slapped along the thick rug as if her shoestrings were undone. He waited for the *roll-snap, roll-snap* as she put up the shades.

"Get up lazy-bones. You've been asleep for over an hour. It's time to go out in the air."

As usual, he and Alice were taken to the park. At the entrance was a peanut stand with a whistle. The roasting nuts smelt perfectly delicious, but they were never allowed to have any. Other children seemed to have them, but Hannah said those children were common and rested her argument. Whenever Whittlesey was on the point of a successful, secret trade with one of the peanut-owning class, he was almost certain to feel a rough grab at any available part of his person and be marched out of the transaction in confusion. After a while he learned to tell which boys were common by the way they dressed.

Hannah was short and fat and had a red face divided into three distinct sections by deep creases that ran from her nose to the corners of her mouth, and continued in only slightly broken lines over the rim of her jaw. Like the other maids in the house, she was Irish. Whittlesey didn't understand exactly what was meant by that except that it was very desirable. She didn't dress as well as some of the nurses in the park who wore tailored blue coats and veils hanging down behind their hats. She would have been indistinguishable from thousands of other women on the street except that she usually had a bigger hat than anybody else.

It was Hannah who picked out the place they went to in the park. It was almost always the same because she met her friends there, and they all sat on the bench together and talked. Their circle of friends depended on Hannah's because they were not allowed to stray very far from her seat. Sometimes he and Alice asked if they could go to the menagerie, but

Hannah always said the menagerie was a dirty, awful place. However, they did go once in a while, but were never taken into the houses, where the snakes and other really worthwhile animals were, on account of germs.

Whittlesey began chalking on the pavement. This was part of the routine diversion of well-brought-up children, all of whom brought big square pieces of chalk to the park. He was making a hop-scotch layout with no definite plan of playing hop-scotch but merely because he was tired of the only picture he could draw, a balloon face with projecting ears, circles for eyes, a triangular nose, and a half-moon mouth with several hundred teeth. When the drawing began to bore him, as it always did within a minute of starting, he looked at the pond.

Sitting on the boardwalk that bordered the water were two or three boys playing with a model sailboat. He assumed at once that they were common: anybody with such a desirable possession must have been. He wondered what happened to the boats when they got too far out to reach with the pole. This boat had a beautiful crimson hull and a dirty sail. He wished he could be small enough to stand on the deck.

He saw that Hannah was flush with the excitement of holding her friends to her talk. As if aimlessly widening his radius of play he went up to the group. The oldest-looking had the boat across his knees and was busily tying up broken rigging. Their clothes seemed to be indivisible wrappings loosely glued to the skin — conclusive proof that they were common, which meant that they never had to wear galoshes in any weather, were at full liberty to travel around the city on two-inch rear ledges of trolley cars, and never had learned the rashness of not submitting to verbal eruptions of nurses who had lost their tempers.

"Hello," he greeted the smallest one.

"Hello." Nobody looked up.

"Whose boat is that?"

"Mine," said the big one, who had string in his mouth and was not bent on enlarging his acquaintance.

"Can I play with you?" he asked.

There was no answer for several seconds until one of the small ones said he supposed so.

"What are you going to do with it?" he inquired.

"Sail it, what do you think?" said the big one.

Whittlesey thought they were pretty stupid not to credit him with this much information but felt idiotic anyway.

"How do you sail it?"

"Just sail it, what do you think?" answered the big one. The others tittered, and all three looked up for the first time.

"What's your name?" said the big one.

"Whittlesey."

"That's a lousy name. I've never heard of that name before, have you?" The heads of the others affirmed the damning judgment.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Joey," answered the big one, and all of them gave silent notice that they had plenty to do without wasting time on conversations with queer strangers.

"That's a lousy name too," he said, after a considerable pause, seeing no reason why the success of that line of attack should be played out.

"No," said Joey, "that ain't a lousy name, is it?" One of them said, "No, there's lots o' guys named Joey," and the others agreed.

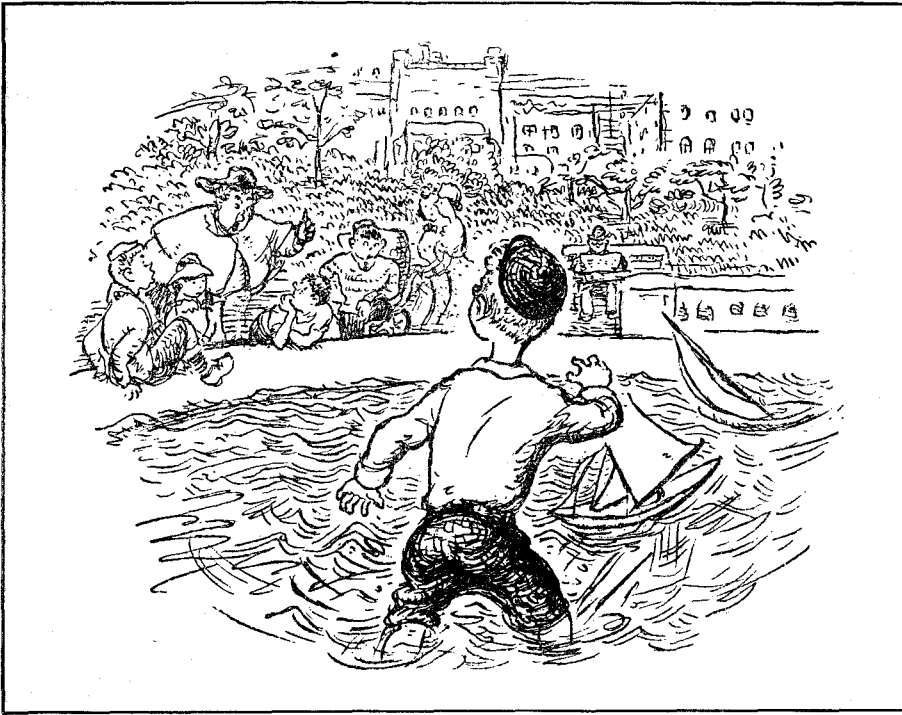
The repairing on the boat was done. Joey held it up and squinted several times along the line from bow to stern and several more times across the beam. Then he lay on his stomach, put it gently into the water, and gave it a push. There was a good breeze and it headed gloriously for the center of the pond.

"It's going to land over there. Come on," said Joey, and Whittlesey was with them, if not technically a member of the party, as they ran toward the other side and waited uneasily. It was going at a fine clip, the red hull shining in the spring sun. The dirt on the sail had faded, and it looked wonderfully white.

As it was nearing shore, a sudden puff staggered the whole miniature fleet, and their boat, after a miserable show of resistance, capsized about twenty feet from the bank.

The three went into immediate deliberation. The unpointed exclusiveness of it left Whittlesey with a sense of futility racing hard for dominance against annoyance. Just then he saw an owner in the same fix as theirs calmly take off his shoes and stockings and wade after his derelict.

Whittlesey's heart was doing double-beats



even before he made up his mind. Here was a chance to go in one stroke from their hazy outer rim to the center of the group.

"Somebody ought to take off their shoes and stockings and go for it," he said.

They listened.

"I'll do it myself," he said, and crowed silently, "They're scared of the water or they'd go for it themselves."

"If you do I'll let you sail it. That's a damn good idea. Go ahead," said Joey. His eyes spoke an aside to his followers: "Don't spoil a good thing like this."

Whittlesey had never been so proud and nervous. His legs shook as he removed his stockings. He advanced to the edge, dipped the toes of his left foot, and instantly withdrew them. Then, thinking he could afford to lose none of his glory, he plunged both feet and wondered how the water could be so freezing on such a nice warm day.

Suddenly he was chilled to the bottom of his stomach by something very much colder than the pond. It was the terrible voice.

"Whittlesey! Whittlesey! Come in this minute."

Almost numbed, he turned and saw Hannah on the bank towering over his new friends. She was making fierce motions with her arms. Her lips, moving with motor speed, were driving the three parts of her angry face in and out of

grotesque formations.

"Come here this minute wait till I get you home you'll get something you won't forget."

He hated and feared to obey but refusal was unthinkable temerity. His terror was submerged in a current of mortification that swept him like the scrape of sandpaper on ripped flesh. He couldn't look at Joey and his friends after such an ending to his one chance of being accepted by the people he respected most.

As soon as Hannah could get her hands on him he was lifted by one arm, dripping and ridiculous, onto the walk. Hannah gave him two sharp slaps on the ears. He cringed and burst into loud, panicky crying.

Joey and his friends were looking on with curious awe. Hannah turned to them. "Go on or I'll call the policeman after you." They went without holding a consultation.

Her attention went back to Whittlesey. "Stop your crying or I'll give you something to cry about, wait till I get you home getting your feet wet like this and playing with those dirty common boys wait till I tell your father. Give me your handkerchief the idea getting your feet wet and no towel to dry them you'll be punished for this wait and see."

The handkerchief was useless as a drying mechanism after a very few rubs. Still threatening untold punishment Hannah contrived to fasten his shoes and stockings. Then she led him from the scene of his dereliction very much as one conveys a scared puppy who has misbehaved terribly in the parlor.

Alice, who was being "minded" by one of Hannah's colleagues, perceived immediately that Whittlesey had been bad. She likewise observed that it was no time to ask questions of Hannah.

They went home in a taxi. Alice, who had not been bad, enjoyed the novelty. Whittlesey,

afraid of the issue ahead of him, held back, rejoicing grimly in every traffic delay. Long after that day, taxis were a symbol of horror to him.

All the way home Hannah kept at it. She was going to settle him all right when she got back to the house. He'd be sorry he'd done such a bad thing. He'd be lucky if he didn't catch his death of cold. Even Alice, who concluded that the opportunity was a fine one to ingratiate herself with vested authority, told him once or twice that he was very bad, although her notion of what had occurred was hazy in the extreme.

II

WHITTLESEY was put to bed supperless. His mother had looked severe but said nothing except to agree with Hannah, as she always did, that it was a matter demanding his father's attention. Through the window-shades the bright afternoon sun still flooded the room as he lay dosed with the heavy drug of self-vindication.

How he hated Hannah! All the other nurses in the park seemed infinitely nicer. When he and Alice were alone with her, she was usually irritated and dangerous to cross, yet in the presence of their parents she suddenly became so gentle that he often thought he had been mistaken about her all along. He had come to a decision about her. When he grew up he was going to have her put in prison. He imagined her in a cell stamping around, the three parts of her face all going at once with rage, as they had when she discovered him wading about in the water.

Their mother was clearly much more important than Hannah in some intangible way. They kissed her good-bye in the morning before they went out. She would be having breakfast in bed and might give them each a lump of sugar dipped in coffee if Hannah said they had been good. She was very beautiful and unreal, much too wonderful to be around all the time. They slept and ate and spent all day with Hannah. She was the one who told them about God, who was Irish, and about the miracles and how to pray.

III

A WEEK later he and Alice were sent for by their mother. "Hannah's going away,

children," she said. "You're getting too big now for a little children's nurse. You're going to have a new nurse, a governess who'll teach you French. She's coming this afternoon."

This was the moment Whittlesey had longed for, dwelt on with gladness for long minutes of the afternoon nap, yet he felt strangely blank inside.

"I want you to be very polite to the new governess," said their mother. "Her name is Mademoiselle Blanche. Now I think it would be very nice for you to trot upstairs and say good-bye to Hannah before she leaves."

Silently they went to their room and found Hannah in a dark blue dress ready to go. She didn't seem like herself in anything but the white linen uniform.

"Well, I'm leaving you," she said. "You're going to have a French governess."

Whittlesey was troubled. He still felt he should be glad but it was all happening too suddenly.

"Whittlesey I hope you'll grow up to be a fine big man and won't forget Hannah."

She had never been as nice as this before, he thought. From the farthest reach of his memory he had been sure she hated him. Why did she have to leave just as she was getting nice? He watched her putting on her big hat before the glass.

"You'll like your new nurse very much," said Hannah. "I told her you were a good boy. So now I'll say good-bye."

Her lips lengthened into a smile that spread in widening circles over the red face.

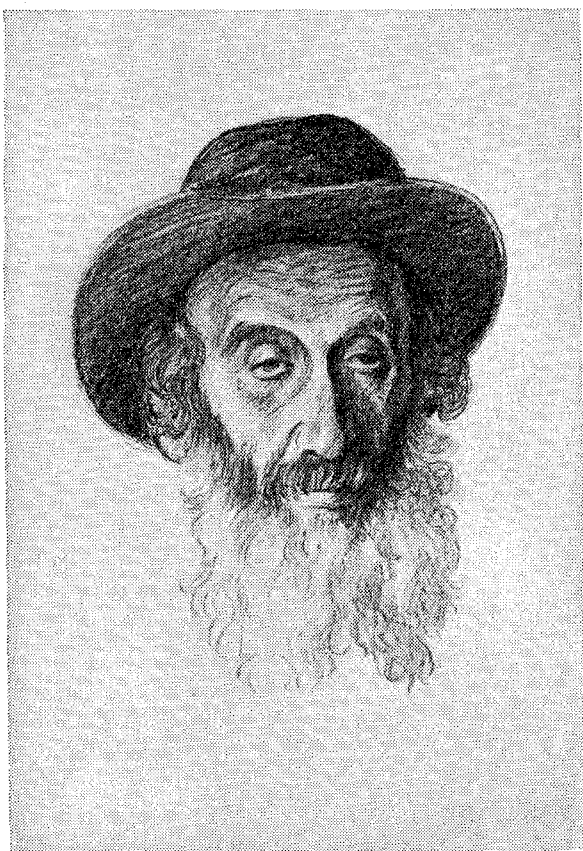
Whittlesey's good-bye was rather faint, and he stared at the half-belt on the back of her plum-colored coat as she turned away from him and opened the door.

The loose slap of her footsteps hardly had faded before he was crying bitterly.



THE JEWS THRIVE ON PERSECUTION

BY WILLIAM SCHACK



Drawings by Lionel S. Reiss

Galician Jew

AT THE FIRST report of the physical and economic violence perpetrated on the Jews by the National Socialists of Germany, Jews the world over — not only orthodox and professional Jews, but even those who prefer Montaigne to Maimonides, who have forgotten the pattern of the prayer shawl, who eat French pastry during the festival of Passover — felt that horror in the blood which an attack on one's kind evokes and which makes one strike back in protest if not in retaliation. This universal reaction gives fresh poignancy to the dictum of Izrael Zangwill that it is only anti-Semitism which preserves the Jew. Here is no shallow paradox with a flashy appearance of truth: it is a solid, profound truth, proved by

the fact that wherever anti-Semitism disappears the Jew as such disappears with it. That the process has not yet gone on to completion to any great extent means only that outbreaks of anti-Semitism still recur periodically somewhere. If the Hitlerian assault was a grotesque reversion to medievalism, it should be remembered that the preservation of the Jews — their actual growth in numbers — was no less an outcome of medievalism. For if the ghetto was created as a mark of persecution; if it was a concentration camp to be turned from time to time into an abattoir or gold-mine; it was none the less a preserver of folkways and traditions, and so of a group consciousness that would otherwise have been lost among the nations the Jews dwelt with. Once the gates were broken down, the process of absorption began to take place. To-day, to the degree that anti-Semitism does not prevent it, it is taking place rapidly. And it is only the resentment of persecution of any of their kind that preserves the sense of Jewishness in those who have, in breaking free of the stigma of the ghetto, also shaken off its power of cohesion.

What other common denominator is there in world Jewry, aside from a sense of their history, which is a noble thing but does not wear well without the backing of anti-Semitism? It is commonly thought that Jews constitute a definite variety of mankind, a type as fixed as those remote tribes described by anthropologists: there are Kalmucks and Yakuts, Zulus and Bororos, Wurunjeri — and Jews. But what is the Jewish type? It cannot be defined by a physical trait, not even by the famous nose. Goldenweiser has pointed out that the merely convex nose is characteristically Roman and Indian, while the Semitic nose proper — convex with a drooping curve at the tip so that it looks in profile like a figure six — is much more common among the Armenians and adorns only fifteen per cent of Jewish faces.

Nor can it be defined by any set of character traits. The complex of shrewdness, ruthlessness, and rambunctiousness which many good and otherwise intelligent people believe to be characteristic of Jews is in reality a definition of the universal go-getter. Within every people the variability of individuals is too great to permit so facile a definition. If the Jewish type cannot be defined simply, neither can it be sensed. It is not merely a personal reaction that I myself, with an intimate acquaintance with many Jews and an extensive contact with others — Russian and Polish Jews, American and English Jews, Dutch and German Jews, Swedish and Finnish Jews, Palestinian and Syrian, Moroccan and Mesopotamian, Egyptian and Arabian Jews — find little in common among them, that I do not in fact *feel* most of these groups to be Jews at all.

What the Western world has in mind when it speaks of the Jewish type is the Jew of the Slavic ghetto or Pale. While they have been profoundly influenced by their locale — their emotionalism is as much Slavic as it is Semitic: witness the comparatively phlegmatic assimilated German, American, or English Jew — they have nevertheless lived an intensive life characteristically their own. They observed the six hundred and thirteen rabbinical laws and strict endogamy. They had a language — Yiddish — strong enough to abrade to its own form the numerous Russian and Polish words which wandered into its vocabulary. Their folk songs were so idiosyncratic that they are virtually untranslatable. Such people were bound to produce a type, and by migration it became known throughout the Western world. In so far as their descendants retain their traits and culture, they preserve the type. For in its place of origin it is disappearing — in Poland, because of the influence of the revived nationalistic spirit; in Russia, because of the anti-religious movement, the abolition of the Pale, and the Jews' expanded economic status.

Nor do their descendants abroad retain their traits and culture: everywhere they approximate the types of the nations they live among. American Jews become Americans; French Jews, French; German Jews, Germans; as Persian Jews become Persians; Mexican Jews, Mexicans; Australian Jews, Australians. Whatever the complex of causes which led the Hit-

lerites to make war on the German Jews, the latter (leaving aside recent immigrants) feel themselves to be and are essentially Germans. The Wailing Wall notwithstanding, they are as much the spiritual heirs of Siegfried (or of the barbarians Tacitus found in the Teutonic forests) as any knight of the Hakenkreuz. They cannot de-Germanicize themselves even

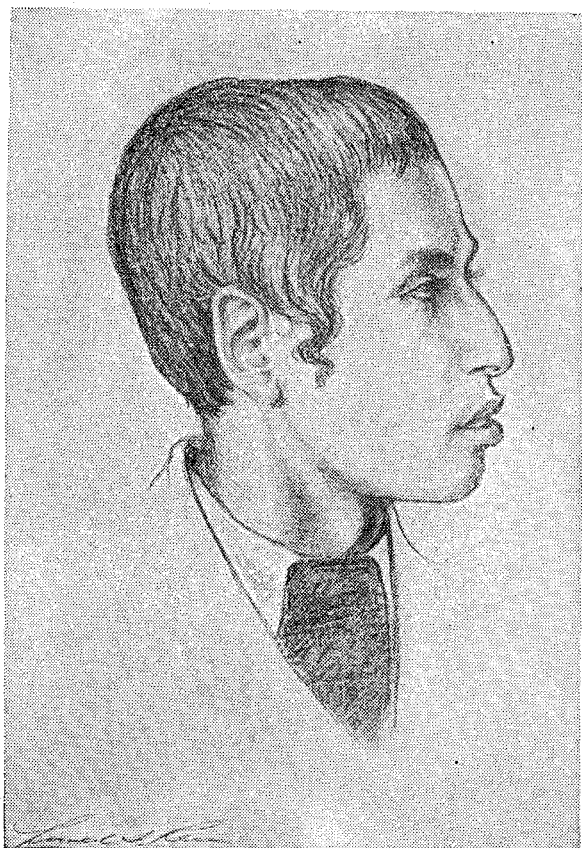


Russian Jew

to please their persecutors. An anti-Semitism which repudiates even the baptized Jews, yea even those whose forefathers were baptized, can make an Eskimo a Jew by fiat: it cannot be taken seriously as evidence against the Germanness of the German Jews.

The approximation to the respective national types is of various degree. In general, wherever there are large Jewish communities the old traits survive longer; wherever there is only a scattering of Jews they are sloughed off more quickly. A friend of mine traveling in the South was astonished to hear someone inquire whether a certain child was a Protestant Jew or a Catholic Jew! It seems that the Jews, having no Sunday school of their own in that village, sent their children to those of one or

the other Christian sects and were accordingly designated. The implications are far-reaching. But even in populous Jewish centers, children of the first generation are so far Americanized



Egyptian Type

(the same is true elsewhere) that Jews from the old country scarcely recognize them as their own kind. With or without intermarriage, assimilation takes place in a sharp geometric progression with the generations.

The best proof that the Jews are members of the nations they are settled among and do not merely assume a nominal nationality, is that they do not recognize as Jews their co-religionists of another nation. If in general American Jews recognize each other as such — and they often do not — they certainly cannot, in the great majority of cases, distinguish the fairly assimilated German or English Jew, for example, from the veritable German or Englishman. The four-square individual sedately pursuing his way down the Kurfürstendamm of a Saturday, prayer book neatly wrapped and tucked under his arm: this verb-at-the-ending gentleman is, to an American Jew, a German bourgeois pure and simple: it is only an accident

that it isn't Sunday. So are the other German Jews German to him, whether they are of the intellectual, professional, or working class, whether they are politically radical or conservative. Even the English Jew, who shares his (adopted) language, remains to him an Englishman. Whether he drops his aitches or aitches his final r's — to cite small tokens which imply greater — he has as English a flavor to the American Jew as to the American Gentile.

Conversely, American Jews abroad — often even of the Potash and Perlmutter line — are taken for Americans. I myself, with more reason, am usually regarded as such; but my experience also illustrates how vague a notion both Jew and Gentile have of one particular kind of Jew. For I have also been taken for an Italian in Vienna, an Austrian in Venice, a Pole in North Germany, and a North German in Bavaria, as well as for Catholic and Protestant (Quaker and Baptist).

The most dramatic evidence of the identification of the Jews with their various nationalities is the fact that they also are endowed with the latter's animosities. It is no secret that differences of temperament between German and Slav make them, to put it mildly, less congenial to each other than other peoples. The contempt of German for Pole and the reciprocal dislike of the latter are undoubtedly based on something more than political or economic differences: perhaps on radically different folkways as reflected in the superior technologic efficiency of the Germans and all that that implies. This antipathy is felt undiminished by German Jew and Polish Jew, however much they may help each other in time of anti-Semitic stress. Excluding this circumstance, they are first and foremost, respectively, Germans and Poles. And the conflict is so deep-seated that it is transmitted to their descendants in other countries. Here in the United States the cleavage was the more pronounced because in the early days the German Jews were of bourgeois origin while the others were sweating proletarians or — a little later — not more desirable *nouveaux riches*. In one of the high-church temples of New York not so long ago, Slavic Jews were not solicited as members, although their children, if they were well-behaved and had acquired a collegiate air, were eligible.

The proverbial hostility between the geographically close Galician and Lithuanian is perhaps too esoteric to be gone into here. Suffice to say that in a company of the latter, "It seems there was a Galician . . ." evokes the same response as on our vaudeville stages, "It seems there was an Irishman . . ." But the thing goes far beyond a joke. A match-maker has to be very hard up indeed to attempt to bring together a couple from the opposing camps.

But the broadest plane of cleavage between groups avowing a Jewish allegiance surpasses even national boundaries: this is the conflict between Ashkenaz (North European Jew) and Sephard (originally the Spanish and Portuguese Jews scattered over the Mediterranean countries by the Inquisition, hence Oriental Jews generally now; the former are also called Franks — the Orientals' name for Europeans.) The remark of an old Russian-Jewish woman in Jerusalem sums up the attitude of her kind toward the Sephardim. When a niece of hers who had been eyeing a certain piece of dress goods for a long time finally announced that she was going to buy it, she exclaimed, "What! That Frenkish color! Don't you dare!" This was not merely an expression of scorn for a particular taste — the woman implied by it an utter contempt of the Sephardim, as if nothing good could possibly come out of them.

The evidence of these various cleavages, as of the differentness of the two dozen kinds of Jews, as of their similarity to their co-nationalists in every land, as of anything one can hope to find out about Jews, is neatly assembled in that end-product of anti-Semitism — modern Palestine. For there Jews are to be seen from not only all the countries of Europe, but from North and South Africa, the Near East, Central Asia, and Arabia: communities, these last, which have never heard of Ashkenaz and Sephard, isolated Jewish worlds of their own brought back by the Zionists from Irak, Yemen, Bokhara, Georgia, Kurdistan. Here are Jews who claim to be the only real Jews, and there are two claimants, both of whom speak Arabic and look like Arabs and who would as soon consider the Jewish type we have agreed on to be such as they would a Senegalese. One is a community in Pekin, in Galilee, which asserts that their forefathers never went into

exile as the rest of the tribes did; the other is the Samaritan remnant in Nablus, which retains some of the primitive Hebrew customs.

It would be folly to look for a past common denominator — there is only that of present purpose — in this complex populace. The analysis of only a small part of it — the professional class (omitting the Slavic elements, for simplicity) — will reinforce my thesis. This circle, if any, should reveal a common Jewish quality, for there are many factors to unify them: a certain degree of culture, a modern point of view, and, on the purely Jewish side, the historic associations of their people and the sharing of the common ideal of rebuilding Palestine. It is to be expected that they should mingle freely. Yet, while polyglot gatherings are the rule in Jerusalem, it is difficult to think of them as purely Jewish functions since it is not Hebrew, but one of the European languages, that serves as the medium of inter-



Polish Jew

course. If German is spoken, those to whom it is native are more at home in it; their German-ness shines through, and the others feel it. If English is used, the English-speaking people



Belgian Boy

in the circle make their national traits more pronounced and the others slightly uncomfortable. Via the language, the differences in background of the various nationalities make themselves distinctly felt. It is not stating the case too strongly to say that the Teutonic elements, for example, do breathe a little more freely by themselves; so do the Americans; and what is more perfect than a tea cosy surrounded by Englishmen alone? This does not mean that there are not close friendships crossing the frontiers, and a pervasive amity. But something of the national characteristics unconsciously obtrudes itself, even though that ugly impurity bred in the European blood these past two thousand years — conflict of Jew and Gentile — is not present.

The amazing thing is, as with most Western Jews, that virtually all of these people, so different from Slavic stock themselves, are descended from Slavic Jews migrating westward, many of them being of the first generation. So vastly more powerful is the working of the unconscious assimilation tendencies of the very life process — transcending nationalism and race — than imprisonment, forced bap-

tism, and the savagery of a Nicholas I conscripting children not yet in their teens for twenty-five years of military service in order to break them of their Judaism! The communist way is far easier.

For all the variety of complexion in Palestine now, a new Jewish type seems to be emerging there. While the country is now a Jewish melting pot, there are signs that its multiple elements will fuse into a uniform alloy — so far as a human group can be uniform. It is in the children of the immigrants that this new type is to be sought. Although few have reached their teens, they already reveal a certain cast of character, the more positively indicated by contrast with the children of the orthodox, who, brought up in the close provinciality of their fathers, remain to-day very close to the Slavic Jewish type. Compared to them, the youngsters of the professional and working classes are as those born outside a ghetto must have been to those within. They are stronger physically, being better fed and more active. They are freer mentally, as a result of both their freer bodies and their more varied educational fare; for the orthodox boys (the girls don't count) are still brought up on an exclusively mechanical Bible training. While they do not depart radically from the features of their parents as yet, tending, transitionally, toward the Arab type, there is in their very language evidence of a new kind of Jew: they do not speak Hebrew with a Jewish accent! This is no mere facetiousness; its significance goes deep. How children who everywhere hear Hebrew spoken with an accent, both at home and at school (for comparatively few of their teachers are Palestinians born), speak a pure tongue of their own, is a mystery. It is a sign of a new creation which itself aids in furthering that creation. With their strong nationalist feeling (their parents who felt the sting of anti-Semitism see to that), in an environment saturated with Hebrew influence, there is no doubt that if the incalculable Arabs and the calculating English government do not cramp the Zionist movement, they will establish a definite kind of Jew to supplant the waning Slavic type of to-day.

A folk does not live *in vacuo*. This new Jewish type is arising because in Palestine — in spite of the resistance of the orthodox — a new Judaism is arising. Beyond observing the Sab-

bath — yet they play soccer in Jerusalem now on Saturdays and even handle money at the gate — it has little in common with the old. The reform movement which originated in Germany last century, by eliminating most of the six hundred and thirteen rabbinical injunctions, hoped to create a new, simplified Judaism, acceptable to modern Jews. It aimed to unite the Jews within every nation into a purely religious community without Jewish nationalistic ties. It was well motivated; it foresaw the passive desertion of traditional Judaism by the younger generation everywhere unless radical changes were made. Yet the limited success it has had is to be ascribed as much to various forms of anti-Semitism as to its own positive force. For its weakness was that so many of the practices it eliminated were the essence of Judaism as it has taken shape in recent centuries. For Judaism has been a way of life as much as a formal religion; and when the practices coloring that life were abandoned, the chief content of Judaism went with it. But the theological elements of a religion keep going when the inner content weakens. Without such theological doctrine, nothing essentially Jewish remained. There was no substitute for traditional Judaism until Palestine began to create it.

Hence the accelerating assimilation in other countries. Here in the United States the emptiness of Judaism has been apparent for some time. Splendid temples have been built, with only scant congregations to occupy them; communal activities multiply; a technique of Jewish education has been developed. But it is all hollow — except the philanthropic activity which should be a State function and Zionist efforts which are in a sense an abandonment of an indigenous Jewish life — it is all hollow because it has no intrinsic content and because, therefore, it is too exclusively the concern of a body of not so long ago well-paid if honestly motivated professional Jews. That Jewish social and athletic centers have a real place is obvious, despite the mild anti-Semitism prevailing here; but it is also obvious that there is nothing specifically Jewish in a gymnasium. Even the great Jewish holidays have little meaning here.

The same destruction of tangibly Jewish values is taking place everywhere, even in



Galician Student

countries where anti-Semitism is far more strong, more overt, than it is here. In the Scandinavian countries, where the Jews are not very numerous, it has taken place rapidly, but just as surely it is taking place where they have been relatively numerous and deep-rooted in tradition, as in Holland. With the young Jews of Poland and Russia now more assimilationist than their Gentile fellow-countrymen, with the new economic order uprooting the mediævalism out of which the characteristic Slavic Jew has grown, survival for the Jew as such on any considerable scale seems to be limited to Palestine. Any awareness of this fact, the differences between the various kinds of Jews, have never been dwelt on, because it would mean a loss of strength to the Jewish name, sustained as it is only by the attack of anti-Semitism. It is the Zionist aim that Palestine, besides providing a home for uprooted Jews, shall also provide a bond of unity for the far greater number who are Jews only because they are told so. It remains to be seen whether the homeland, if the harrying of the Hakenkreuz should ever cease, can be as powerful a force for preservation.

RADIO REVIEWS

Summer Flips and Frills

BY CYRUS FISHER

THERE'S AN increased tendency to condemn radio thrillers because, it seems, some youngsters insist upon frightening themselves stiff listening to what are essentially adult programs before tumbling into bed. I sympathize with the parents. However, shouldn't they deal privately with young Indians who won't mind mama instead of afflicting adult listeners with a nursery censorship which would dilute all broadcasts to sub-adolescent standards until the infants are tucked away? Stokowski has declared that the child has a surer appreciation of the arts than the average father or mother. Stokowski likes to exaggerate, but after dialing in the recommendations of several child improvement associations and comparing their horrible calomel with broadcasts really popular among youthful fans, I'm inclined to agree with his statement. Perhaps such an opinion is scandalous. No matter, I shall hold fast to the belief that the sentimental wooziness of the average "juvenile" program, such as an "Uncle Wiffly" or "Sunshine Discoverers' Club," is infinitely more delirifacient to present-day children than any of the radio equivalents to those old paper-backed action stories we used to risk a trip to the woodshed to read.

FICKLE FRIVOLITY

"*Saturday Frivolities*," with my favorites Bill and Ginger, the Four Showmen, the Dixie Dandies, Baroness Dechinny, Pete Woolery, Patsy Darling and Mannie Morris' orchestra. Blayne Butcher, announcer. Geist, production. Quimby, director. Moore, engineer. Feyhl, sound effects. Quimby, continuity. No advertising. Coast to coast CBS. 9:45-10:15 P.M. EDST. Every Saturday.

Imagine all the fresh spontaneity of an amateur production slicked together by professionals on a vacation and you'll have the "Saturday Frivolities." There is enough extravagant moonshine, thudding puns, bland-

ishing tunes, outright twaddle and frisky balderdash for the most outrageous house party. You'll like most of it. Certainly some of it, unless your grouch is incurable. Honors to Geist, Quimby, Moore, and Feyhl — four Master Brewers.

Hellman's Musical Grocery Store, with Tom Howard, Ted Bergman, Jeannie Lang, and lively musical and dramatic cast. 15-piece orchestra directed by Harry Salter. Edmund Ruffner, announcer. Sponsored by Best Foods, Inc. Advertising time: several short 5-second announcements, one 1-minute, 15-second dramatized commercial and a final 1-minute, 30-second straight bit of advertising. NBC. Coast to coast WEA network. 9:00-9:30 P.M. EDST. Every Friday.

For a time it seemed that salty-voiced Mr. Tom Howard had at last located a satisfactory vehicle for his comic talents. On the "Musical Grocery Store" bandwagon he had four or five comparatively short spots with ample build-up for his rare type of dry humor. But evidently his fountain ran low or he inadvertently hurt the feelings of one of his employers. A second comedian, Mr. Ted Bergman (the slow-witted, tongue-tied gentleman of "Joe Palooka" fame), has been levered into the structure alongside of Mr. Howard. The two oppose each other. They dynamite each other's lines with fearful and obvious cunning. Consequently the comedy disintegrates into a blather-baiting contest set against a kaleidoscopic background of the first-rate popular music, sweetly insincere Jeannie Lang, and mildewed quartet harmony.

The Chase & Sanborn Hour (third installment), featuring comedian Bert Lahr and Rubinoff's orchestra. NBC. WEA coast to coast network. 8:00-9:00 P.M. EDST. Every Sunday. (First installment of this review appeared in July, 1932, FORUM; second installment in February, 1933, if you're interested.)

They've changed all the furniture in the Chase & Sanborn summer house now that Mr. Eddie Cantor is away delighting Hollywood.

RADIO REVIEWS

His successor, Mr. Bert Lahr, operates with simple tools — a horrendous laugh patterned after the grunt of a sea lion, a sullen run-and-hop delivery, and two or three spavined catchwords. Rubinoff and his tremulous fiddle seem even worse than usual, and what used to be a gallivanting hour of tinsel and sparkle has gone flat. It is apparent that Mr. Cantor was a catalytic agent of unsuspected power.

Phil Cook, with Andy Sannella's guitar. John Holbrook, announcer. Phil Cook, continuity. Sponsored by Bristol Myers Co. For advertising time see below. NBC. Regional WJZ network. 8:45-9:00 P.M. EDST. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Despite the star's imposing catalogue of occupational talents, that well-known author, actor, composer, comedian, soloist, guitarist, and director, Mr. Phil Cook, creates one of the most boring and confusing quarter hours it has been my fortune to hear. Mr. Cook not only supplies voices for the two principal characters — "Terry" and "Jerry" — but proves his multiloquence by absorbing unto himself all other rôles as well. This is interesting as a one-time stunt, like going to the circus and observing the two-headed calf. A steady diet is something else again. Now and then, during rapid changes, he becomes a little addled, requiring labored attention to discover whether you are hearing the doctor, storekeeper "Terry," or the guitar. There is a one-minute commercial plug at the end. About a fourth of all the alleged dramatic dialogue is also given over to the product.

VACATION SPECIALS

Richfield Country Club, featuring golfer Alex Morrison, with Betty Barthell, Melodeers Quartet, and Jack Golden's orchestra. Ben Grauer and Paul Douglas, announcers. Wiggin and Loesch, production. Sponsored by Richfield Oil Corp. of N. Y. 1 minute, 15 seconds or less of advertising time. CBS. Regional WABC network. 10:00-10:30 P.M. Every Monday. NBC. Regional WEAJ network. 10:30-11:00 P.M. EDST. Every Friday.

If you like golf, as one dub to another, the Richfield program can be recommended; if you'd rather fish, why there are three views of Miss Betty Barthell, two of the Melodeers, and four of Mr. Jack Golden's experts to dally away all frets. Instead of hearing an acrimonious old jackass with a blurred scotch-and-soda

accent, as I expected, the featured golf professional, Mr. Morrison, steps into the middle of the half-hour for only four pleasantly instructive minutes. The Country Club is scheduled to end during the last week of June. Please God keep it on all summer.

"An Evening in Paris," with soprano Mary McCoy, baritone Woods Miller, comedienne Agnes Moorehead, and Nathaniel Shilkret's orchestra. André Baruch, announcer. Loesch, production. Cox, director. Reis, engineer. O'Donnell, sound effects. Borland and Cox, continuity. Sponsored by Bourjois, Incorporated. 2 minutes', 40 seconds' advertising time. Coast to coast CBS. 9:30-10:00 P.M. EDST. Every Monday.

The pretty conceit of a party in a Paris studio (or an equally fragile setting) maintains a slight framework for six or seven seductive musical Seidlitz powders. The result is a kind of effervescent lightness not usually encountered on the air. Miss McCoy and Mr. Miller mix like honey and waffles. Messers Loesch and Cox permit the gaudy fantasies of Nathaniel Shilkret to weave in around the slender continuity without undue strain. Three faults: the bromidic opening fanfare, commercials too long by fifteen seconds, and the sour Zazu Pitts imitation by the not very comic Miss Moorehead.

LOVE AND KISSES FROM WILL

*Gulf Headliners,** featuring the lovable cowboy philosopher Will Rogers, the Revellers, and Al Goodman's orchestra. Joseph Bell, announcer. Sponsored by the Gulf Refining Company. 1 minute's, 40 seconds' advertising time. NBC. WJZ eastern and southern regional network. 9:00-9:30 P.M. EDST. Every Sunday.

Well folks, I heard Will Rogers and all I uh know was what I heard over the radio, see? and, well, he spoke for seventeen minutes and well, folks, you see he spoke ad-lib, that is ah he made up his stuff as he went along, see? and he's just home folks like us even if he does know Frank and Jack mighty well. I'm just a simple old cracker box who never seen any of Petroleum V. Nasby's or ah Josh Billings or Bill Nye's stuff, see? and-uh I guess I'll get mighty sick if I keep on like this although he did have a liberal supply of good-natured quips

* Note on CBS. "Gulf Program — Irvin Cobb" (9:00-9:15 P.M. EDST. Every Wednesday and Friday. Al Goodman's orchestra and same advertising time and sequence as above).

for everybody (that's what the press agents said and *they* should know shouldn't they?) and Al Goodman's orchestra tore into two swell and slippery honky-tonks, one before and one after the sage of Oklahoma and Hollywood, and the steadfast Revellers also came in twice and tried to save the drink with dashes of bitters but it was too late, if you know what I mean, see?

Ah jest cain't do south'n mon logues to save mah soul, especially where there isn't any need to. Irvin is a humorist—even on the air. Try him.

THE PLAY'S THE THING

"*Pages of Romance*," with varying and usually expert cast and William Stickles' orchestra. Ben Grauer, announcer. Whitney, production. Miller, engineer. Street, sound effects. Eleanor Williams, continuity, and a very agile job of it, too. Sponsored by Centaur Company. 2 minutes', 15 seconds' advertising time. NBC. WJZ coast to coast network. 5:30-6:00 P.M. EDST. Every Sunday.

"*Pages of Romance*" is a heart breaker. During its existence it has collected many of the most competent actors I believe ever grouped around a microphone. I hope you heard the young woman—her name wasn't announced or I failed to catch it—who played opposite Earl Larrimore in a recent dud entitled "*Radio Sweethearts*." She had that elusive sense of "theater" and almost succeeded in transforming a miserable, sticky part of green-cored hokum into a moving, appealing rôle. For that matter, all the performers are to be complimented, and the production department has worked miracles of timing, casting, and refurbishing. The material itself fails. Magazine stories are supposed to be dramatized. The most experienced and carefully purchased cast and technical staff cannot be expected to go very far nor fast on an exclusive diet of trash.

Adventures in Health, featuring Dr. Herman M. Bundesen and cast. Sponsored by manufacturers of Horlick's Malted Milk. 3 minutes' advertising time. NBC. WJZ coast to coast network. 8:30-8:45 P.M. EDST. Every Tuesday and Friday.

Dr. Herman M. Bundesen is introduced as the President of the Chicago Board of Health which is not enough of a recommendation to hear him and the inexpert and flatulent dramatizations of supposed histories encoun-

tered in his private practice. When he advised his adoring audience to read the great American poet, Eddie Guest, in order to be serene and contented, I stopped listening.

"*Lives at Stake*," with varying cast and (to date) announcers. Ashbaucher, sound effects. Sponsored by General Tire and Rubber Co. 3 minutes', several seconds' advertising time. NBC. WEA coast to coast network. 10:00-10:30 P.M. EDST. Every Tuesday.

The dog is made to fit the tale in "*Lives at Stake*." The dramatic element is contorted and bent into flavoring the commercials. The commercials are interesting, well constructed, and not annoying despite their length, but the rest of the hulk is rather tiresome. The narrator proceeds to relate an heroic incident in a lush, strained tempo with frequent incidental dramatizations and a constant flurry of sound effects. Mr. Ashbaucher succeeds very nicely in making the storm and fire and battle scenes realistic. The final fifteen minutes of "*Lives at Stake*" is ground out by what appears to be a studio orchestra.

ODDS AND ENDS

HERE'S MY selection of summer orchestra leaders: Duke Ellington, Earl Hines, Louis Armstrong, Cab Calloway, Red Nichols, Frank Traumbauer, Ozzie Nelson, Johnny Johnson, Isham Jones, Abe Lyman, Harold Stern, Harold Stokes, Phil Spitalny, Gus Arnheim, Jay Whidden, Carlton Coon, Ted Weems, Art Castle, Don Pedro, Wayne King, Don Bestor, and Mark Fischer—ranging from hot to sweet to easy and low. Some are on the networks, others on local stations. Wherever you are, at least a third of the names should be available, and while there are few greatly publicized maestros aboard, all these gentlemen should make the long, hot summer nights pleasanter.

No particular "Best" this moon unless it might be Elder Solomon Lightfoot Michaux and his Church of God Congregation. (CBS. 10:00 A.M. EDST., Saturdays.)

There is, however, a most salubrious "Don't": the "*Voice of Experience*," with ex-sex showman and med-show spieler, Sayles Taylor, given a tremendous build-up. (CBS. 11:00 A.M. EDST., daily except Saturdays and Sundays, with an extra dose of blather at 2:30 P.M. EDST., Tuesday afternoons, and at 8:00 P.M. EDST., Wednesday nights.)



HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO EUROPE?

This summer, a three-week trip abroad will cost you and your family no more than traveling at home

LONDON—with Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Palace.

COLOGNE—with its twin-spired cathedral, and the river Rhine.

PARIS—the gateway to Europe: Notre Dame, restaurants, shops, galleries, nearby Versailles.

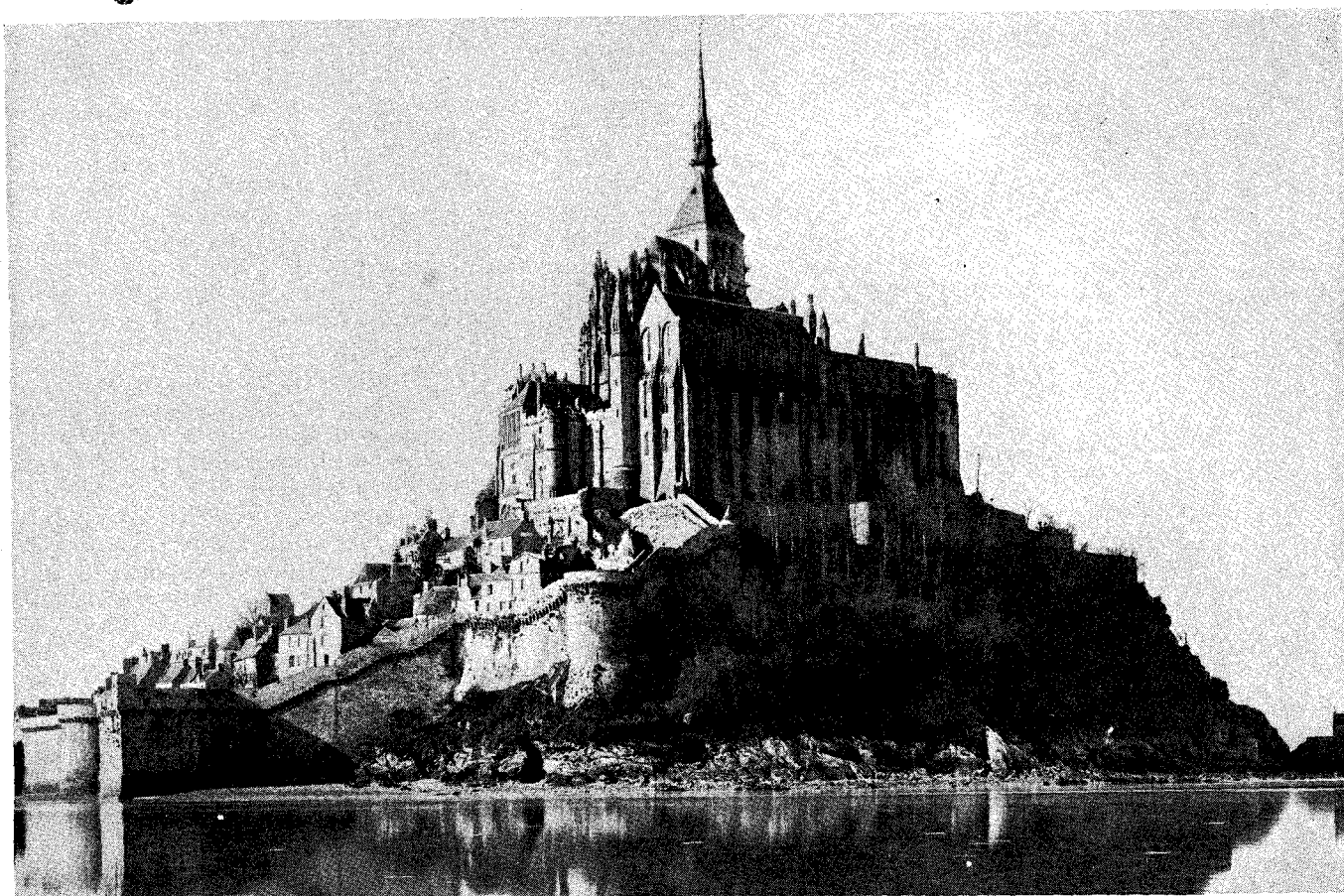
CHAMONIX—below Mont Blanc, Alpine scenery, Montanvert, the Mer de Glace and other glaciers.

THE TOURAINE—the beautiful, historic chateaux of Amboise, Blois, Loches, Chaumont, Chenonceaux, Langeais, Chambord.

VENICE—gondolas, San Marco, the Doges' Palace, the gay Lido.

RHEIMS—the well-known cathedral, wine cellars, battlefields.

THE RIVIERA—golden Mediterranean beaches; Cannes, Antibes, Monte Carlo, Nice, Marseilles.



Mont St. Michel

Not so long ago, the polish and broadened viewpoint of European travel were luxuries of the wealthy. But today thousands of people are planning to spend vacations on the continent (via French Line Tourist Class), who formerly had only dreamed of "getting across." It's not expensive. If you are thinking of a trip at home—to the seashore or to some mountain resort—you can have a three-week trip to Europe for the same cost. . . . For the feeling of being "abroad" starts right

at Pier 57, New York. On board French Line Express and Cabin ships there is a definite continental atmosphere . . . perfect, English-speaking service . . . supreme French cooking . . . security and comfort and congeniality. And, Tourist Class on the beautiful *Ile de France* has just been redecorated and enlarged. Ask any travel agent to plan your reservations for you. He'll be glad to arrange your whole trip without charge. . . . French Line, 19 State St., New York City.

ILE DE FRANCE, July 7 and 28, Aug. 19 • PARIS, July 1, Aug. 11 • CHAMPLAIN, July 15, Aug. 5 and 26 • LAFAYETTE, July 1 and 21 • DE GRASSE, Aug. 30 • ROCHAMBEAU, July 25, Aug. 29

French Line

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

GERMANY'S JEWS

To the Editor:

I have read with interest the article by S. McClatchie — "Why Germany Hates the Jews" — in the June FORUM. In spite of the author's insistence that he has written in the interest of tolerance all around, I am somewhat doubtful of his complete sincerity. The article certainly leaves me with an impression that he is inspired from a subconscious personal anti-Semitic feeling and a clumsy effort to apologize for the deeds of the Nazi government.

The main premise on which Mr. McClatchie bases the Germans' antagonism toward the Jews is their success in trade and banking. He doesn't say one word in regard to the Nazi propaganda that the Jews were the cause of the war and of Germany's losing the war, nor does he make any mention of the pernicious arguments of the Jews' untrustworthiness in commerce and everyday life. Many of his statements could be successfully challenged. By omission of the various phases of the campaign that is being waged in Germany, he is endeavoring to prove that the only reason for Germany's hatred of the Jews is, as stated above, their success in industrial enterprises.

If it were so, which is not at all conceded, that the Jew has been the dominant power in Germany's industrial life, why is it that they have not drawn the line in their campaign of extermination to give a fair chance to the tens of thousands of Jews engaged in the professions, in the sciences, and in the arts?

Mr. McClatchie makes a statement regarding the number of Jewish immigrants from Poland which I have heard from other propagandists. In answer to that statement I should like to submit the following statistics which are taken from *The Statesman's Year Book*:

	Total Population of	Jews
Census of 1910 ...	63,051,979	615,021
Census of 1925 ...	62,592,575	564,379

I also quote an extract from *The London Times* of March 23, 1933:

"As the wildest statements about the number of Jews in Germany are broadcast by the anti-Jewish, and as 'millions' are often said to have invaded Germany from Poland and Galicia, it is worth while recording that the latest Government statistics give the number of Jews in Germany at the last official count in 1925 as 564,379 (in a population of 65,000,000), and the number of Jews per 1,000 of the

population in 1925 as 9, as against 9.3 in 1910."

When Mr. McClatchie asserts that the Jews control industry in Germany, he is not keeping strictly to the facts. Has he forgotten Hugo Stinnes, the Krupps, the brewing industry, the shipping industry, and also the great industrialists of the Ruhr? Has he ever heard of Furst Donau von Eschegin? Undoubtedly it is true that the Nazi propaganda is endeavoring to give the impression to its constituents that the Jews completely control and dominate industry.

It is very difficult to credit tolerance and an unbiased attitude to a man who will make the following statement: "There is hardly a German Gentle who has not found himself outwitted by a Jew." This quotation is taken from Mr. McClatchie's article and I rest my case that his article is inspired by anti-Semitism and pro-Hitlerism.

CLARENCE H. LOW

New York, N. Y.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S DISPENSARY SYSTEM To the Editor:

Mr. Robert H. Douglass, writing in the June Rostrum, is generally right in his description of the South Carolina state dispensary between the years 1893 and 1907, but he does not tell the whole story. The state dispensary was a scandalous failure. Born in the heat of almost incomprehensible factional bitterness, it was foredoomed to failure. By way of illustration, I occasionally buying a bottle of whisky, disdained to buy it from a dispensary and would order the identical brand from Baltimore. Most of us anti-Tillmanites (a minority, but influential) so hated the state dispensary that we gloated when a scandal came to light. Thousands of honest, patriotic men, on the other hand, Tillmanites, refused a long time to believe that it was a corrupt institution and supported it because it was a Tillmanite measure. The merits or demerits of the system were never considered. They were buried deep in the hates of the times. The institution never had a chance. The bitter partisanship may have been absurd, but it was a fact.

In 1904 an act permitting local option between prohibition and dispensary was passed and promptly two-thirds of the counties voted themselves dry. In 1906 an anti-state dispensary legislature was elected, and in 1907 the state dispensary was abolished. The Carey-Cothran Act was passed permitting wet counties to establish independent county dispensary systems, and about one-third of the counties carried on these county dis-



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JUST TWO years ago, THE FORUM published "A Five-Year Plan for America," by Professor Charles A. Beard. Of the many attempts at economic planning the Beard Plan is perhaps the most comprehensive. And if we may judge by events since March 4 of this year, it appears to be the most practical. Five of Professor Beard's nine major proposals have thus far found their way into legislative action.

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OUR ROSTRUM

pensaries until 1916. Liquors were sold under precisely the same regulations as by the state dispensaries, but the liquor traffic was no longer a political issue. Blind tigers no longer had a patronage in part rooted in animosity toward the state dispensary. In these county dispensaries in nine years virtually no scandals of importance developed. Except in the city of Charleston, speak-easies and blind tigers were non-existent. All persons who wanted liquors, bought them from dispensaries in wet counties, and the county exchequers profited greatly. In Charleston liquor was still unlawfully and openly sold by the drink, but the supplies were purchased from the county dispensary.

My opinion is that drinking decreased in South Carolina between 1907 and 1916, as it did elsewhere, and that conditions were much better than under prohibition laws. Before national prohibition, moon-shining was confined to three or four mountain counties, but with prohibition it spread to the forty-six counties.

Two-thirds of the counties, containing most of the white population having voted themselves dry, state prohibition won in a plebiscite in 1915, and the state prohibition law was passed in 1916. The prohibition victory was in part due to the jealousy the dry counties felt because some of their citizens bought liquors in wet counties, which received all the profit. The automobile was making travel easy between the county towns.

This letter is not to be construed as for or against any kind of dispensary system. Its sole purpose is to recite the facts, and to emphasize that the history of the sale of liquors in South Carolina under dispensary regulation was a totally different thing in the nine years after 1907 and the fourteen years of the state dispensary preceding 1907. I think that is invariably overlooked by writers on the subject.

W. W. BALL

Charleston, S. C.

NO, NOT BY A DAM SITE, MR. HAYS!
To the Editor:

Mr. Charles T. Hallinan, in his article "Roosevelt as Europe Sees Him" in the June FORUM, did not have to be so over-nice in not wishing to let the word "dam" occur in his article when he spoke of "tinker's curse," as "dam" in the case of "tinker's dam" has nothing to do with profanity.

I quote from *The Standard Dictionary*: "tinker's dam. 1. A ledge or wall of mud or dough enclosing a space which a plumber desires to coat with solder. 2. (Slang) A worthless thing: so called from the mud or dough used by a tinker which is afterwards worthless."

C. BLAINE HAYS

Corydon, Ind.



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at the soft fragrance
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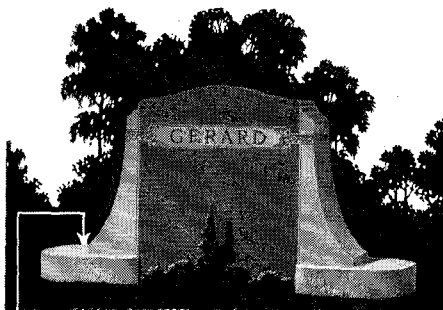
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OUR ROSTRUM

THE REVIVAL OF HONESTY

To the Editor:

Thanks for your editorial, "The Revival of Honesty," which appears in the May issue of THE FORUM. You have caught the new note of the new administration. It has been sounding like the voice of conscience in the heart of this nation for years while the intellectual thumb-twiddlers passed the buck by writing profound and futile explanations of "the situation." The truth is always simple and intelligible to the wayfaring man. It takes a charlatan to confound it with the wisdom of mere words.

For the last decade, "success" was the cheapest commodity on the market, so easily and frivolously won it failed to enhance a man's worth to win it. And prosperity was some kind of extravaganza, predicated upon financial speculations. The overhead expense of our follies and extravagances have landed us in a depression so deep that it calls for heroism and sacrifice to survive it.

You have presented the crux of the whole matter: national failure in common honesty and mental veracity—that austere truthfulness with which a man must perceive himself and other men in order to be a safe member of society. The regulation of tariffs, the recreation of markets, the balancing of budgets between nations and nations cannot be accomplished until credit and confidence have been standardized between man and man by the revival of the principle of common honesty. Then we shall be rich again, with or without wealth, in those values which are the invisible assets of a brave and happy people.

CORRA HARRIS

Rydal, Ga.

ROMANTICISM VS. REALISM

To the Editor:

I am not certain that you will be grateful for my comments when I confess that I believe you have somewhat confused the issue, between the two stories in the June FORUM ("A First Love Letter," by J. S. of Dale, and "Injustice," by Arthur Dee), of whether a hero should be put out of the way by innuendo or by adjectives. Does it matter how Captain Phil died? Is it not more important that the reader be certain his good deed succeeded and that the other man, perhaps less sated with the goods of life than he, lived to be happy again in England?

On the other hand nothing in "Injustice" is technically so important as the death of Larry, trapped as he is in the pathological mores of our day. This is some of the best material ever delivered to the hand of an artist, but to my mind it has not been used so well as the less violent scenes of the older story. It seems to me that the events leading up to the

lynching should be subdued and the terrible moment finished more abruptly by that truly great touch of "it made me sick. . . . It made the bull sick too." As the matter stands, our sympathies are enlisted so strongly for the boys who are pushed off the train that by the time we reach the final dénouement we have not the response which should greet such a moment. Instead of our attention being directed by every line and every detail to this main incident, which epitomizes in itself the theme of the story, we are treated to a piece of magnificent reporting. It is the difference between the effect on the eye and mind of a single picture and of a mural.

After all, you may argue until you are deaf, dumb, and blind, and the one little fact will remain that a story, to be a success—to be literature or art or what you will, must have focus. "A First Love Letter" has it. Not until the last line, not until we close the book, does the actual realization sink in upon us that Captain Phil's "somewhat inactive mind" actually and literally ceased to think about anything on that dusty date in Africa, or that this final cessation of what must have been rather a nuisance to him was undoubtedly accepted with a sportsmanship worthy of his class and profession. Not until then, does our mental palate register in retrospect the full flavor of the life which went on so smoothly without him, or our ears quite tune themselves to the pleasant echoes of a sentimental era far removed from our own pragmatic days.

It is, however, much easier to criticize than to create. Mr. Dee should be congratulated on his work as it is and for what it is—an invaluable sociological document.

MARY COLE

Kent's Hill, Me.

INSTITUTE OF RACE RELATIONS

In the past ten years THE FORUM has published many articles dealing with race relations. Some of these have been highly controversial and acrimonious, but the total result, in my opinion, has been in the direction of harmony and reasonableness. For readers who have followed these articles I am glad to announce that the Institute of Race Relations will be conducted under the auspices of the Society of Friends at Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa., during the entire month of July. Those who attend this conference will have the pleasure of hearing several authorities on race questions whose articles have appeared in THE FORUM. For example, George Fort Milton, Editor of *The Chattanooga News*, and the Negro poets and educators, E. Franklin Frazier, Charles S. Johnson, and James Weldon Johnson.

THE EDITOR

THE FORUM AND • CENTURY



HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

WHENCE CIVILIZATION?

J. G. Andersson

Did our prehistoric ancestors, before they assumed human form, know the use of implements and fire? In this article, a famous Swedish scientist presents some startling new evidence about the beginning of civilization.

THESE NAZIS

William C. White

These four sketches of Mr. White's German friends reveal why the German people are following Hitler. Here is something for readers who are wondering what Hitlerism is all about.

HOW SWEDEN CONTROLS INFLATION

Charles T. Hallinan

While the rest of the world has been having the jitters, Sweden has been quietly and successfully managing her own self-contained econ-

omy for the past year and a half. Now that we have embarked upon a "nationalistic" program of recovery, Mr. Hallinan's robust account of the Swedish experiment is both timely and helpful.

THE NEED FOR AN ELITE

Mary Colum

Because imitation is one of the great passions of man, we need a leaven in the human mass, says Mrs. Padraic Colum. Very few things (or people) are valuable in themselves; all the rest are imitations, good or bad. Humanity cannot give up its attempt to imitate the great and the good if life is to be worth living.

WOMEN WANTED — OVER THIRTY

Antoinette Gilman

A pretty girl to sit behind a typewriter and powder her nose is a luxury few employers can afford these days. Mother is now learning

to be a business woman, while daughter sits at home and cools her heels. Gray hair has become a business asset.

THE FUTURE OF CRIME

H. G. Wells

In a chapter from his forthcoming history of the world, as it will be written in the twenty-first century, Mr. Wells traces the rise and fall of crime, from the kidnappings of the 1930's through the piracies on the high seas, which declined about 1990.

OTHER FEATURES

A short short story by Janet Curren Owen; the second installment of "The Green Sea of Gloom," by William Adams; a tale of brewers who were cultured gentlemen, by Max Henius; a vivid description of night-flying, by Elizabeth M. Bisgood; "A Day in the Life of a Minister," a true story, by Charles J. Dutton.

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TOASTS

MARY PICKFORD, probably the most beloved motion picture actress in America, achieved fame in such pictures as *Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm*, *Tess of the Storm Country*, and *Stella Maris*. She is now head of her own motion picture company in Hollywood.

GEORGE F. WARREN is Professor of Agricultural Economics at Cornell University. His article, "Is Our Gold Standard too Rigid?" published in the April issue of THE FORUM, predicted the recent rise in basic commodity prices.

CHARLES LEACOCK traveled extensively throughout Europe several years ago as foreign correspondent for one of the leading newspapers in this country.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is an Editor of *The Nation*. He is the author of *The Modern Temper* and *Five Masters: A Study in the Novel's Mutations*.

EDMUND WILSON, a former Associate Editor of *The New Republic*, is the author of *Axel's Castle* and *The American Jitters: A Year of the Slump*.

WILLIAM ADAMS has contributed articles on shipping and salvage to *Fortune*. At present he is working on a history of the North Atlantic which deals with its geographical and natural significance in western civilization.

JOHN CORBIN, at one time Assistant Editor of *Harper's Magazine* and a former dramatic critic and editorial writer on *The New York Times*, is the author of *The Return of the Middle Class* and *The Unknown Washington*.

TESS SLESINGER, who has contributed short stories to *The American Mercury*, *Story*, *Menorah Journal*, and *Pagany*, has deserted her native New York for the summer and is working on a novel in Peterboro, New Hampshire.

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT is Science Editor of *The New York Times*. Many of his articles have appeared in American and European scientific and engineering periodicals.

JANE CASSIDY, a graduate of Smith College, lives in New York. A short story by her — "Bitter Siege" — appeared in THE FORUM in August, 1929.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, author of *Our Business Civilization*, *The Epic of America*, and various books on American history, is Chairman of the Pulitzer Prize jury in history.

DORA AYDELOTTE grew up on a farm in Moweaqua, Illinois, a corn-belt town which has provided much of the background for her Barbry Miller stories.

MILTON S. MAYER is a regular contributor to *The Chicagoan*.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN recently completed a rhymed English version of Molière's *The School for Husbands* which the Theater Guild will produce this fall.

CYRUS FISHER is at work on a history of popular comic drama.

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Change of Address

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE INTERNAL DEBTS OF THE UNITED STATES, edited by Evans Clark (Macmillan, \$4.50). As nearly everyone knows, the great shrinkage in values during the past four years has seriously enhanced the problem of long term indebtedness. Despite sadly diminished incomes, corporations and individuals have had to cope with a fixed burden of debt contracted during brighter times — a burden now grown almost intolerable. Recognizing the gravity of the situation, the Trustees of the Twentieth Century Fund appointed a group of experts to canvass the amount of domestic indebtedness in the United States, to report the facts, and to recommend measures of relief. The results are contained in the present volume, which takes up in detail the present debt status of financial and industrial corporations, the railroads, the public utilities, the federal and state governments, etc. The total long-term internal debt of the United States is, it seems, \$134,000,000,000 — but in most cases this debt burden would not be insupportable if there were even a moderate improvement in business conditions. The wide variation in the strain imposed — very acute in the case of the railroads, for example, and very slight in the case of the power companies — has caused all the investigating experts to agree that no blanket remedies should be applied. Each, therefore, has made recommendations within his or her particular field. The cures proposed may not please all schools of economists, but it is a fair guess that the facts themselves will prove enormously useful during the coming years. Incidentally, it is cheering to note that the farmers as a whole are not quite so badly off as most of us had supposed, and that 60 per cent of American farms are free of mortgage debt.

TRAVELLER'S LIBRARY, compiled, and with notes, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). It would be hard to conceive of a better depression buy than this stout, inviting omnibus volume compiled by W. Somerset Maugham, who has relied on no other criterion than his excellent personal preferences. Included are such full-length bargains as "The Old Wives' Tale," "Lady Into Fox," Frank Swinnerton's "Nocturne," and E. C. Bentley's brilliant detective story, "Trent's Last Case" — as well as a rich variety of poems, essays, and short stories by contemporary British authors. Mr. Maugham's notes are pithy, amusing, and freshly flavored, and his book seems to solve that ancient problem — what to take to a desert island.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT, by Storm Jameson (Knopf, \$2.35). Although it is technically an autobiography, this poignant and troubling book is really a cry of

protest against war and its fruits. Miss Jameson was a shabby young university student in the London of 1913. She belonged to the generation that worshiped H. G. Wells, and adopted Socialism, and believed that it was going to remake the world in a pattern of peace and social justice. Then came the war, which killed so many of Miss Jameson's friends, permanently destroyed so many of her bright hopes, and left even the survivors of that innocent generation embittered and scarred. Miss Jameson cuts off the actual story of her life at the beginning of the war, and thereafter records its effect on her feelings and beliefs. Nothing that she says is actually new, but she writes with an intensity, a burning resentment equaled only by Richard Aldington. In some ways this book is more interesting than any of her novels.

INSECURITY: A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA, by Abraham Epstein (Smith & Haas, \$4.00). Despite all its charts and statistics, this study of social insurance in the United States and abroad is animated by Mr. Epstein's burning faith in the justice and logic of his cause. Aided by the well-known facts of the depression, he points out how economic insecurity is spreading alarmingly, and how it is trapping more and more classes of people even above the low wage level. He further points out the futility and inadequacy of the safeguards which seemed so promising in 1929. Even the relative return of prosperity, he says, could not conceivably solve the problems of unemployment and old age dependency. The only answer is compulsory social insurance along the general lines of the British system — a system which Mr. Epstein warmly admires. His study is richly documented, and is the more effective because he perpetually points out how far Europe has progressed beyond America in the matter of health and unemployment insurance, old age pensions, workmen's compensation, subsidies for mothers and children, etc. Mr. Epstein is so certain that our system cannot survive if it continues to be based on tragic, stupid, and widespread economic insecurity that he manages to get fire and force into what would normally be a heavy and highly specialized book.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES, 1933, edited by Edward J. O'Brien (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50). Although his actual selections do not quite seem to justify the excessive exuberance of his introduction, there are some good stories in Mr. O'Brien's annual collection. Robert Cantwell, Walter D. Edmonds, Grace Flandrau, Katherine Anne Porter, Naomi Shumway, and Wilbur Daniel Steele provide some of the high spots, and there is a minimum of the tediously flat, experimental stories.

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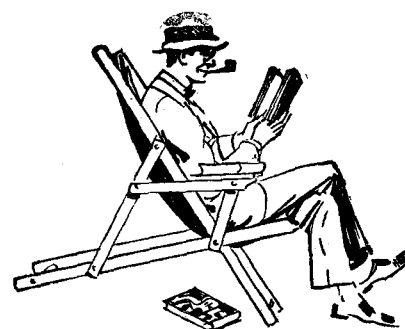
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a January 1919 issue
of The FORUM
Volume LXI—No. 1



Circulation Manager
441 Lexington Avenue
New York

OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

To the Editor:

Who is to pull us out of this depression? I believe that no man or group of men can pull us out of monetary confusion. The blood of society must adjust itself, as it always has, by slow natural processes.

There is, however, another depression—the moral depression. Who shall make the needed corrections in this changing factor of life? To my mind, no better answer could be given than that made by John Hyde Preston in his article, "To the Class of 1933," in the June FORUM. He speaks to the young men and women, those who have gleaned by hard study the true fundamentals of life from history and experiment. They seem to have forgotten the little-valued goals of artificial wealth; and, in the forgetting, they have thrown a brighter light on the really significant things of life. It is this group that Preston rightly tells that in the pursuit of happiness and the neglect of monetary obstacles they shall eventually lead.

The members of this group, being ready for life, have not only searched for happiness—many of them have found it! And to those of us who will listen, they are able to give valuable knowledge. Therefore, we should listen attentively to them. We must cease our mad groping in the dark. The time has come to follow the members of the group which has proved its way the better. These young people, in close co-operation with the old and experienced, have pointed out the real meaning of life by a study of life. They have mapped the many ways of living by following them and have found that they lead along high mountains of happiness. Of course, as they admit, they have gone but a little way. But, as Mr. Preston tells them in his article, as long as happiness increases it is only the fool who would turn from their clear paths of life.

NEWTON BROWN

Lander, Wyo.

MAN AND THE MACHINE

To the Editor:

In your Editorial Foreword, "The New Century," in the July issue, the following sentence occurs: "Is it not reasonable to hope that the new century stretching ahead of us will be distinguished not by any lessening of scientific and mechanical discovery but by the adaptation of man to the machine, by the advancement of art and beauty and the harmonizing of life in the relations of men to one another?" The phrase, "by the adaptation of man to the machine," seems wholly out of keeping with the spirit of your magazine. I venture the hope that, in an early

issue, you will correct the false impression conveyed thereby. I labor under the belief that man is the primary object of solicitation and that he is not a tool for use in the development of mechanical appliances and economic and social systems, but that these appliances and systems should be adapted to the attainment of man's highest development. By this is meant the development not of a few financial, industrial, and political leaders, but of the people as a whole. It seems obvious that the philosophy implied in the phrase quoted has been the actuating motive for too long a period already. May the day speedily come when we shall be able to distinguish between false doctrine and true prophecy and shall give first consideration to man and the fulfillment of his destiny rather than to any faulty, artificial system whereby man's progress has been impeded.

J. W. EDWARD

Richmond, Ind.

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—In the same Editorial Foreword, we also said, "... we shall place human happiness above traditional axioms and legalistic formulas. . . ."]

THE PURITANICAL WOBBLY

To the Editor:

Minorities, of course, have no rights; and no minority in this country has been so viciously lied about as that militant organization of unskilled workers known as the I.W.W. But never have I seen so gross a falsification of its meaning, methods, and personnel as in Arthur Dee's story "Injustice" (June FORUM). I am willing to state that no genuine wobbly ever lived who was capable of the conduct of the alleged wobbly, Jake, in this story. I am not saying that wobblies were, or are, smooth or polished in their manners: the members of a revolutionary industrial union have other fish to fry; but at least in the times in which I was closely acquainted with their organization—the same period of which Arthur Dee treats—they did not go about with guns, throwing harmless itinerants off trains. Above all, they were a puritanical crew, non-drinkers, and opposed to the use of liquor, as everyone who has had to do with a wobbly strike well knows. More than one wobbly has lost his red card because he was drunk on the job, and the fact that many members, and at least one of their greatest figures, were notoriously heavy drinkers off the job does not alter the falsity of the situation in Dee's story. Many wobblies, it is true, have been lynched; but in every case which has come to my notice in a long career of labor jour-



A New Reprint

IN A RECENT issue of THE FORUM, Walter A. Terpenning, Professor of Sociology at Western State Teachers' College, attacked the movement which is going on all over the country against married teachers in the public schools. Says Mr. Terpenning, "For pure, unadulterated asininity, the record of the schoolmen is unsurpassed; but none of their specialists in absurdities, even the intelligence testers, have quite come up to the standard of 'jackassery' attained by the superintendents and school boards in their latest craze, that of ridding the school system of married women teachers." And so forth!

THIS ARTICLE has attracted so much interest that a reprint has been prepared. This will fit an envelope of ordinary size and may be mailed under 1½c postage.

Price: 3c each in lots of 25-100. Larger quantities at a considerable discount.

The
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OUR ROSTRUM

nalism the lynching was entirely an outcome of the class struggle and had no tie-up with a private crime even in the allegations of the lynchers. The only possible exception to this statement is the legal lynching of Joe Hill in Utah in 1915.

I do not know Arthur Dee, but if he is a convict serving a penitentiary sentence I have a shrewd idea that he had it coming to him. His story is well-named; but the chief "injustice" in it is to the I.W.W. And to evade the issue by challenging comparison of this well-written libel with the sentimental balderdash of old J. S. of Dale is unworthy even of a consistently anti-labor magazine, such as THE FORUM is, alas, gradually growing to be.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD
San Francisco, Calif.

A VOTE FOR ROMANCE To the Editor:

Have we not had enough realism for a while? Day after day the business world offers plenty of non-fiction realism in which we are the actors. For those who still believe in Santa Claus let them be moved by the realism of "Injustice." But for those of us whose bluebird has turned out to be a buzzard it is a pleasure to seek relief in romances such as "A First Love Letter."

St. Louis, Mo.

J. W. LUMPP

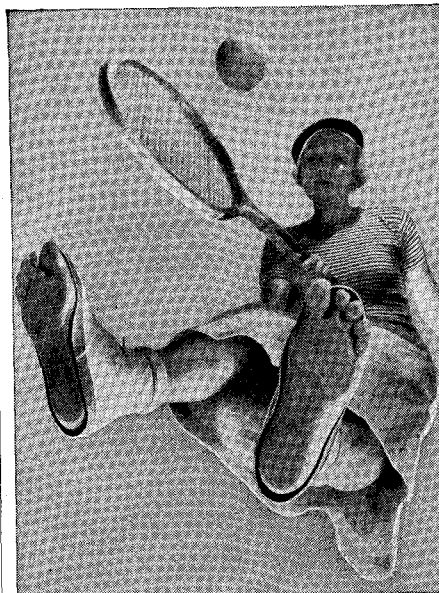
A BEAUTIFUL DREAM To the Editor:

In "To-morrow's Market," by Robert Keith Leavitt (June FORUM), it seems that an advertising man has dreamed a dream. A romantic Bourbon of commerce, he, who would turn back the world to the time before the Bastille fell, who would have us have prosperity like that preceding 1929, only more so. It is beautiful presumption to assume that with labor in abundance employers will actually pay wages sufficient for a general use of luxury goods. What will be left of capitalism in the day when employers pay three or four times the wages they need to in order to get the help?

In that day when our economy shall differ radically from that of 1929 our ideas and habits shall likely differ also, and our playthings. For the things that people spend their money they also spend their time and energy and hopes, and it is just possible that the 1929 conception of which things are worth while shall not prevail again. It may be true that we are in for a lot of leisure, and an advertising man might be expected to think it would require a lot of expensive gadgets, but that is only one idea. We can patch our pants, and crack nuts, and play with the cat, and read library books, and grow irises.

HUGH W. CHAFFIN

Ithaca, N. Y.



She was a whirlwind on the tennis court ...BUT ASHAMED TO GET OUT ON THE BEACH

THERE'S something shocking to romance, something indelicate, almost indecent, about having even a mild attack of "Athlete's Foot."

That was the thought that haunted her. The most popular girl on the tennis court or in the ballroom, she refused to go on the beach. She shrank from the thought of having anyone see those peeling blisters, that unnatural whiteness, that unpleasant moistness between her toes.

Danger signals—watch for them Use Absorbine Jr.

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" and not know what it is. Examine the skin between your toes. Moist, red skin, itching cracks, dead-white peeling skin—all these symptoms call for immediate application of Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

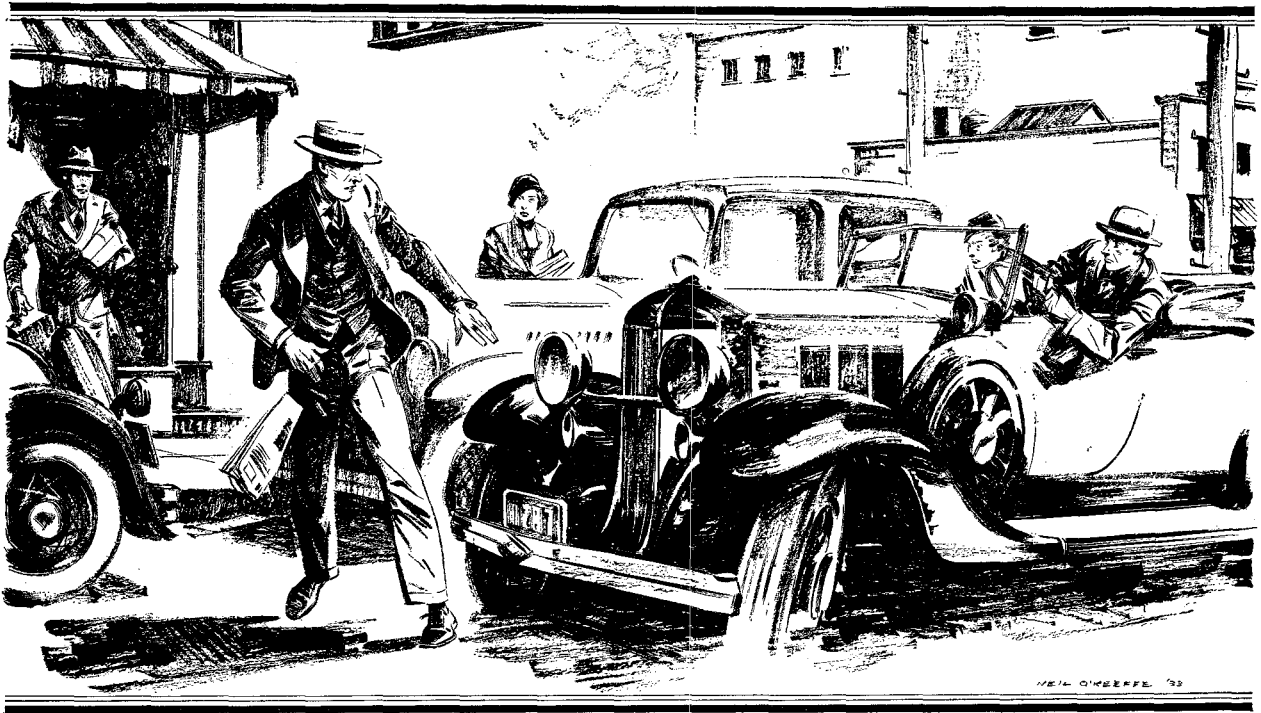
Laboratory and clinical tests demonstrate that soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. quickly kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" when reached, without harming delicate tissues.

But don't stop when you get relief. Avoid the constant risk of re-infection. In hotel bathrooms, in showers and locker-rooms—even in your own spotless bathroom, this sturdy germ lurks and attacks bare feet. Even your socks must be boiled 15 minutes to kill this germ. Keep on using Absorbine Jr. as a wise precaution. At all druggists, \$1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 287 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

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A Very Close Call



HAVE you ever escaped death by the fraction of a second when you thoughtlessly stepped almost directly into the path of a fast moving automobile? Or when you thought you were careful in crossing a street, has a car ever whirled around a corner, missing you by inches? That time you were lucky.

In this country, forty pedestrians are killed every day by moving cars and eight hundred are injured—some of them maimed for life.

Thirty-five pedestrian accidents occur every hour—that is the present daily average.

Reckless drivers are directly responsible for part of this daily tragedy, but the majority of such accidents are the result of carelessness or thoughtlessness of pedestrians.

Although the safety training of children by some schools has helped to prevent many accidents, about ten children are still being killed every day. Even effective signals and alert traffic officers at

ARE YOU A SAFE WALKER?

To how many of these questions can you answer NO?
Do you: NO YES

1. Step out carelessly from behind parked cars or obstructions? — —
2. Try to weave through traffic? — —
3. Cross streets diagonally? — —
4. Get off and on vehicles in moving traffic? — —
5. Cross streets without observing traffic? — —
6. Cross at intersections against the light? — —
7. Stand in the street? — —
8. Allow your child to play in the streets? — —
9. Walk with instead of against traffic on the road or highway? — —
10. Fail to use particular care at night? — —

crowded street corners are powerless to help the persons who step out from behind a parked car.

Your safety and the safety of every member of your family, when crossing a street or walking on a highway, depends on the development of a fixed habit which must become second nature: Make certain that the road is clear before you take a step.

Will you uphold the teachers who are training the children to watch for the "Go" and "Stop" signals—and will you obey traffic regulations provided for your own safety?

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet "The Safe Walker's Memo Book." It tells of the constant dangers which threaten those on foot—how you and yours can be safe walkers. Address Booklet Department 833-F.



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